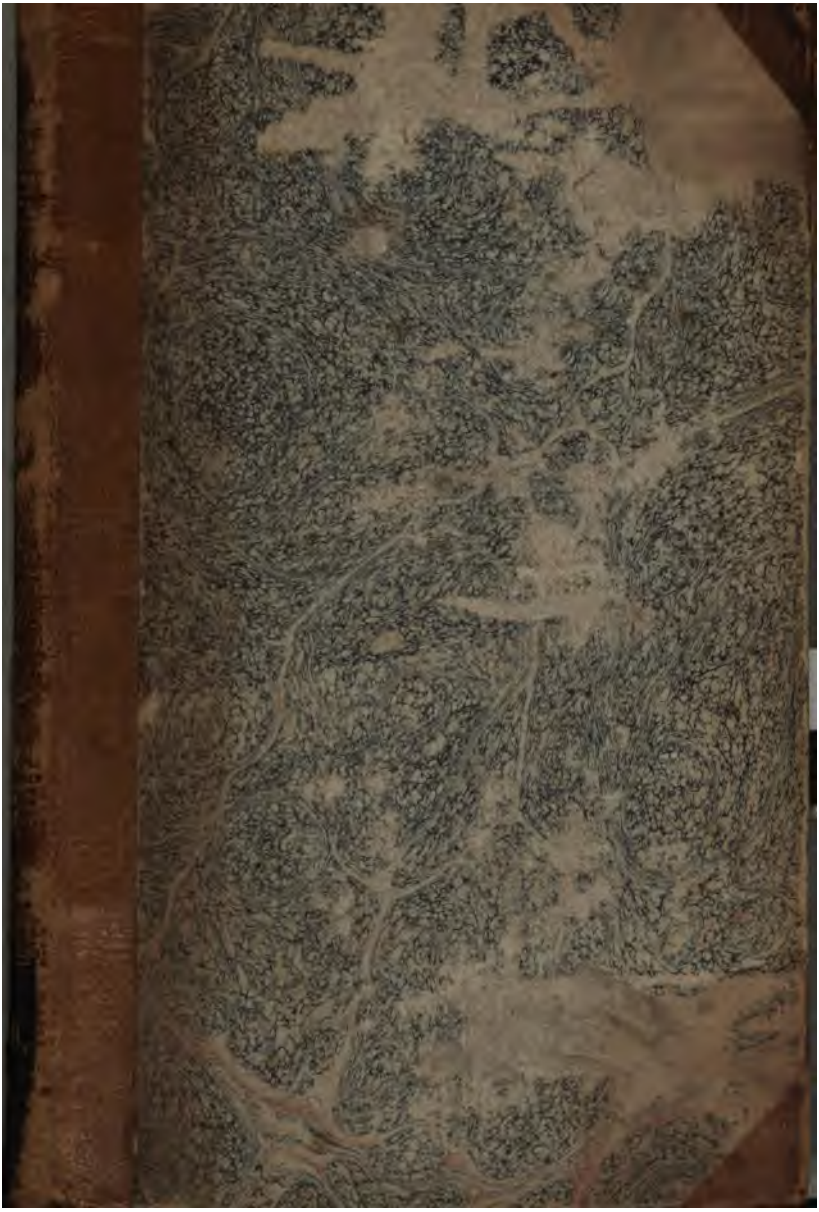

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BELL's

CLASSICAL ARRANGEMENT

OF

FUGITIVE POETRY.

VOL. I.

Though redolent of ev'ry flow'r
That once perfum'd Hymettus' side,
No hoarded sweets of Grecian store
Did e'er the Attic bee provide,
That could a purer flavor yield,
Than yields the comb this hive contains,
Though cull'd from no Hesperian field,
But the wild growth of Britain's plains.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY

JOHN BELL, British Library, STRAND,
Bookseller to His Royal Highness the PRINCE of WALES.

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ETHIC EPISTLES.

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ETHIC EPISTLES.

EPISTLE I.

AN

ESSAY ON VIRTUE.

To the Honorable

PHILIP YORKE,

(NOW EARL OF HARDWICKE.)

BY SOAME JENYNS, ESQ.

Atque ipsa Utilitas, justi prope mater et aequi. Hor.

THOU, whom nor honors, wealth, nor youth can spoil
With the least vice of each luxuriant soil,
Say, YORKE (for sure, if any, you can tell),
What Virtue is, who practise it so well;
Say, where inhabits this Sultana queen;
Prais'd and ador'd by all, but rarely seen?
By what sure marks her essence can we trace,
When each religion, faction, age, and place,
Sets up some fancy'd idol of its own;
A vain pretender to her sacred throne?
In man, too oft a well-dissembled part,
A self-denying pride in woman's heart,
In synods faith, and in the fields of fame
Valor usurps her honors, and her name.
Whoe'er their sense of Virtue would express,

'Tis still by something they themselves possess.
Hence youth good-humor, frugal craft old-age,
Warm politicians term it party-rage;
True churchmen zeal right orthodox; and hence
Fools think it gravity, and wits pretence;
To constancy alone fond lovers join it,
And maids unask'd to chastity confine it.

But have we then no law besides our will?
No just criterion fix'd to good and ill?
As well at noon we may obstruct our sight,
Then doubt if such a thing exists as light;
For no less plain would nature's law appear,
As the meridian sun unchang'd, and clear.
Would we but search for what we were design'd,
And for what end th' Almighty form'd mankind,
A rule of life we then should plainly see,
For to pursue that end must Virtue be.

Then what is that? not want of power, or fame,
Or worlds unnumber'd to applaud his name,
But a desire his blessings to diffuse,
And fear lest millions should existence lose;
His goodness only could his pow'r employ,
And an eternal warmth to propagate his joy.

Hence soul and sense diffus'd through every place,
Make happiness as infinite as space;
Thousands of suns beyond each other blaze,
Orbs roll o'er orbs, and glow with mutual rays;

Each is a world, where form'd with wond'rous art,
Unnumber'd species live through every part:
In every tract of ocean, earth, and skies
Myriads of creatures still successive rise;
Scarce buds a leaf, or springs the vilest weed.
But little flocks upon its verdure feed;
No fruit our palate courts, or flow'r our smell,
But on its fragrant bosom nations dwell,
All form'd with proper faculties to share
The daily bounties of their Maker's care:
The great Creator from his heav'nly throne,
Pleas'd, on the wide-expanded joy looks down,
And his eternal law is only this,
That all contribute to the general bliss.

Nature so plain this primal law displays,
Each living creature sees it, and obeys;
Each, form'd for all, promotes through private care
The public good, and justly tastes its share.
All understand their great Creator's will,
Strive to be happy, and in that fulfill;
Mankind excepted; lord of all beside,
But only slave to folly, vice, and pride;
'Tis he that's deaf to this command alone,
Delights in others' woe, and courts his own;
Racks and destroys with tort'ring steel and flame,
For lux'ry brutes, and man himself for fame:
Sets Superstition high on Virtue's throne,
Then thinks his Maker's temper like his own:
Hence are his altars stain'd with reeking gore,

As if he could atone for crimes by more:
Hence whilst offended Heav'n he strives in vain
T' appease by fasts, and voluntary pain,
Ev'n in repenting he provokes again.

How easy is our yoke! how light our load!
Did we not strive to mend the laws of God:
For his own sake no duty he can ask,
The common welfare is our only task;
For this sole end his precepts, kind as just,
Forbid intemp'rance, murder, theft, and lust,
With every act injurious to our own
Or others' good, for such are crimes alone:
For this are peace, love, charity, enjoin'd,
With all that can secure and bless mankind.
Thus is the public safety Virtue's cause,
And happiness the end of all her laws;
For such by nature is the human frame,
Our duty, and our int'rest are the same.

But hold, cries out some Puritan divine,
Whose well-stuff'd cheeks with ease and plenty shine,
Is this to fast, to mortify, refrain,
And work salvation out with fear and pain?
We own, the rigid lessons of their schools
Are widely diff'rent from these easy rules:
Virtue, with them, is only to abstain
From all that nature asks, and covet pain;
Pleasure and vice are ever near akin,
And, if we thirst, cold water is a sin:

Heav'n's path is rough and intricate, they say,
Yet all are damn'd that trip, or miss their way;
God is a being cruel and severe,
And man a wretch by his command plac'd here,
In sun-shine for awhile to take a turn,
Only to dry and make him fit to burn.

Mistaken men, too piously severe!
Through craft misleading, or misled by fear;
How little they God's counsels comprehend,
Our universal parent, guardian, friend!
Who, forming by degrees to bliss mankind,
This globe our sportive nursery assign'd,
Where for awhile his fond paternal care
Feasts us with every joy our state can bear:
Each sense, touch, taste, and smell dispense delight,
Music our hearing, beauty charms our sight;
Trees, herbs, and flow'rs to us their spoils resign,
Its pearl the rock presents, its gold the mine;
Beasts, fowl, and fish their daily tribute give
Of food and cloaths, and die that we may live:
Seasons but change, new pleasures to produce,
And elements contend to serve our use:
Love's gentle shafts, ambition's tow'ring wings,
The pomps of senates, churches, courts, and kings,
All that our rev'rence, joy, or hope create,
Are the gay play-things of this infant state.
Scarcely an ill to human life belongs,
But what our follies cause, or mutual wrongs;

Or if some stripes from Providence we feel,
He strikes with pity, and but wounds to heal;
Kindly perhaps sometimes afflicts us here,
To guide our views to a sublimer sphere,
In more exalted joys to fix our taste,
And wean us from delights that cannot last.
Our present good the easy task is made,
To earn superior bliss, when this shall fade;
For, soon as e'er these mortal pleasures cloy,
His hand shall lead us to sublimer joy;
Snatch us from all our little sorrows here,
Calm every grief, and dry each childish tear;
Waft us to regions of eternal peace,
Where bliss and virtue grow with like increase;
From strength to strength our souls for ever guide,
Through wond'rous scenes of being yet untry'd,
Where in each stage we shall more perfect grow,
And new perfections, new delights bestow.

Oh! would mankind but make these truths their guide,
And force the helm from prejudice and pride,
Were once these maxims fix'd, that God's our friend,
Virtue our good, and happiness our end,
How soon must reason o'er the world prevail,
And error, fraud, and superstition fail!

None would hereafter then with groundless fear
Describe th' Almighty cruel and severe,

Predestinating some without pretence
To heav'n, and some to hell for no offence;
Inflicting endless pains for transient crimes,
And fav'ring sects or nations, men or times.
To please him, none would foolishly forbear,
Or food, or rest, or itch in shirts of hair,
Or deem it merit to believe, or teach,
What reason contradicts, or cannot reach;
None would fierce zeal for piety mistake,
Or malice for whatever tenet's sake,
Or think salvation to one sect confin'd,
And heav'n too narrow to contain mankind.

No more then nymphs, by long neglect grown nice,
Would in one female frailty sum up vice,
And censure those, who nearer to the right,
Think Virtue is but to dispense delight.

No servile tenets would admittance find,
Destructive of the rights of human-kind;
Of pow'r divine, hereditary right,
And non-resistance to a tyrant's might:
For sure that all should thus for one be curs'd,
Is but great nature's edict just revers'd.

No moralists then, righteous to excess,
Would show fair Virtue in so black a dress,
That they, like boys, who some feign'd spright array,
First from the spectre fly themselves away;

No preachers in the terrible delight,
But choose to win by reason, not affright;
Not conj'rers like, in fire and brimstone dwell,
And draw each moving argument from hell.

No more our sage interpreters of laws
Would fatten on obscurities, and flaws,
But rather, nobly careful of their trust,
Strive to wipe off the long-contracted dust,
And be, like HARDWICKE, guardians of the just.

No more applause would on ambition wait,
And laying waste the world be counted great;
But one good-natur'd act more praises gain,
Than armies overthrown, and thousands slain:
No more would brutal rage disturb our peace,
But envy, hatred, war, and discord cease;
Our own and others' good each hour employ,
And all things smile with universal joy;
Virtue with Happiness her consort join'd,
Would regulate and bless each human mind,
And man be what his Maker first design'd.

EPISTLE II.

OF

ACTIVE AND RETIRED LIFE.

TO

HENRY COVENTRY, ESQ.

BY WILLIAM MELMOTH, ESQ.

Meo quidem judicio neuter culpandus, alter dum expetit debitos titulos, dum alter mavult videri contempsisse. Plin. Ep.

YES, you condemn those sages too refin'd,
That gravely lecture ere they know mankind;
Who whilst ambition's fiercer fires they blame,
Would damp each useful spark that kindles fame.
'Tis in false estimates the folly lies;
The passion's blameless, when the judgment's wise.
In vain philosophers with warmth contest,
Life's secret shade, or open walk is best:
Each has its separate joys, and each its use:
This calls the Patriot forth, and that the Muse.
Hence not alike to all the species, Heav'n
An equal thirst of public fame has giv'n:
Patrius it forms to shine in action great;
While Decio's talents best adorn retreat.

If where Pierian Maids delight to dwell,
The haunts of silence, and the peaceful cell,
Had, fair Astraea! been thy Talbot's choice,
Could list'ning crowds now hang upon his voice?
And thou, blest Maid, might'st long have wept in vain
The distant glories of a second reign,
In exile doom'd yet ages to complain.

Where high ambition still the power confess'd
That rul'd with equal sway in every breast,
Say where the glories of the sacred Nine?
Where Homer's verse sublime, or, Milton, thine?
Nor thou, sweet Bard! who "turn'dst the tuneful art,
"From sound to sense, from fancy to the heart,"
Thy lays instructive to the world hadst giv'n,
Nor greatly justify'd the laws of heav'n.

Let satire blast with every mark of hate,
The vain aspirer, or dishonest Great,
Whom love of wealth, or wild ambition's sway
Push forward, still regardless of the way;
High, and more high, who aim with restless pride,
Where neither reason nor fair virtue guide:
And him, the wretch, who labors on with pain,
For the low lucre of an useless gain,
(Wise but to get, and active but to save)
May scorn deserv'd still follow to the grave.
But, he, who fond to raise a splendid name,
On life's ambitious height would fix his fame,

In active arts, or vent'rous arms would shine,
Yet shuns the paths which virtue bids decline;
Who dignifies his wealth by gen'rous use,
To raise th' oppress'd, or merit to produce——
Shall reason's voice impartial e'er condemn
The glorious purpose of so wise an aim?

Where virtue regulates this just desire,
'Twere dangerous folly to suppress its fire.
Say, whence could fame supply (its force unknown)
Her roll illustrious of fair renown?
What laurels prompt the hero's useful rage?
What prize the patriot's weighty toils engage?
Each public passion bound to endless frost,
Each deed of social worth for ever lost.
O! may the Muse inspire the love of praise,
Raise the bright passion, but with judgment raise?
For this she oft has tun'd her sacred voice,
Call'd forth the patriot, and approv'd his choice;
Bid him the steep ascent to honor take,
Nor till the summit gain'd, her paths forsake.

Yet not success alone true fame attends;
He too shall reach it who but well intends.
See 'midst the vanquish'd virtuous, Falkland lies;
His generous efforts vain, and vain his sighs;
Yet true to merit faithful records tell
To distant ages how the patriot fell:
Blest youth! insur'd the sweetest voice of praise,
Who lives approv'd in Pope's unrivall'd lays.

Grave precepts fleeting notions may impart,
But bright example best instructs the heart:
Then look on Patrius, let his conduct shew
From active life what various blessings flow.
In him a just ambition stands confess'd;
It warms, but not inflames, his equal breast.
See him in senates act the patriot's part,
Truth on his lips, the public at his heart;
There neither fears can awe, nor hopes control,
The honest purpose of his steady soul.
No mean attachments e'er seduc'd his tongue
To gild the cause his heart suspected wrong;
But deaf to envy, faction, spleen, his voice
Joins here or there, as reason guides his choice.
To one great point his faithful labors tend,
And all his toils in Britain's interest end.
To him each neighbour safe refers his claim,
The right he settles, and abates the flame.
Nor arts nor worth to Patrius sue in vain,
Nor unreliev'd the injur'd e'er complain.
For him the hand unseen, are pray'rs prefer'd,
And grateful vows in distant temples heard;
Like nature's blessings to no part confin'd,
His well-pois'd bounty reaches all mankind;
That insolence of wealth, the pomp of state
Which crowds the mansions of the vainly great,
Flies far the limits of his modest gate.
Just what is elegantly useful 's there;
Of aught beyond he scorns th' unworthy care;
Nor would for all the trim that pride can show,

One single act of social aid forego;
For this he labors to improve his store,
For this he wishes to enlarge his pow'r;
This is his life's great purpose, end, and aim:
Such true ambition is, and worthy fame.

How different Rapax spent his worthless hour!
With treasure indigent, a slave with pow'r:
Large sums o'erlooking, still intent on more,
He wasted, not enjoy'd, his tasteless store.
His growing greatness rais'd his hopes the high'r,
And fan'd his restless pride's increasing fire.
'Twas thus amidst prosperity he pin'd;
For what can fill the false ambitious mind?
With all the honors that his prince could give,
With all the wealth his av'rice could receive,
'Midst outward opulence, but inward care,
Reproach and want were all he left his heir.

'Tis true, the patriot well deserves his fame,
And from his country just applause may claim.
But what avails it to the world beside,
That Brutus bravely stab'd, or Curtius dy'd?
While Tully's merit, unconfin'd to place,
Diffuses blessings down through all our race;
Remotest times his learned labors reach,
And Rome's great moralist ev'n now shall teach.

Averse to public noise, ambition's strife,
And all the splendid ills of busy life,

Through latent paths, unmark'd by vulgar eye,
Are there who wish to pass unheeded by?
Whom calm retirement's sacred pleasures move,
The hour contemplative, or friend they love;
Yet not by spleen, or superstition led,
Forbear ambition's giddy heights to tread;
Who not inglorious spend their peaceful day,
Whilst science, lovely star! directs their way?
Flows there not something good from such as these?
No useful product from the men of ease;
And shall the Muse no social merit boast?
Are all her vigils to the public lost?
Though noisy pride may scorn her silent toil,
Fair are the fruits which bless her happy soil:
There every plant of useful produce grows,
There science sprang, and thence instruction flows:
There true philosophy erects her school,
There plans her problem, and there forms her rule;
There every seed of every art began,
And all that eases life, and brightens man.

'Twas hence great Newton, mighty genius! soar'd,
And all creation's wond'rous range explor'd.
Far as th' Almighty stretch'd his utmost line,
He pierc'd in thought, and view'd the vast design.
Too long had darker ages sought in vain
The secret scheme of nature to explain;
Too long had truth escap'd each sage's eye,
Or faintly shone through vain philosophy.
Each shapely offspring of her feeble thought,

A darker veil o'er genuine science brought;
Still stubborn facts o'erthrew their fruitless toil;
For truth and fiction who shall reconcile?
But Britain's sons a surer guide pursue;
Thread safe the maze, since Newton gave the clue.
Where-e'er he turn'd true Science rear'd her head,
While far before her puzzled Ign'rance fled:
From each blest truth these noble ends he draws,
Use to mankind, and to their God applause.
Taught by his rules secure the merchant rides,
When threat'ning seas roll high their dreadful tides;
And either India speeds her precious stores,
'Midst various dangers safe to Britain's shores.
Long as those orbs he weigh'd shall shed their rays,
His truth shall guide us, and shall last his praise.

Yet if so just the fame, the use so great,
Systems to poise, and spheres to regulate;
To teach the secret well-adapted force,
That steers of countless orbs th' unvaried course;
Far brighter honors wait the nobler part,
To balance manners, and conduct the heart.
Order without us, what imports it seen,
If all is restless anarchy within?
Fir'd by this thought, great Ashley, gen'rous sage,
Plan'd in sweet leisure his instructive page.
Not orbs he weighs, but marks, with happier skill,
The scope of actions and the poise of will:
In fair proportion here describ'd we trace
Each mental beauty, and each moral grace;

Each useful passion taught, its tone design'd,
In the nice concord of a well tun'd mind.
Does mean self-love contract each social aim?
Here public transports shall thy soul inflame.
Virtue and Deity supremely fair,
Too oft delineated with looks severe,
Resume their native smiles and graces here:
Sooth'd into love relenting foes admire,
And warmer raptures every friend inspire.

Such are the fruits which from retirement spring:
These blessings ease and learned leisure bring.

Yet of the various tasks mankind employ,
'Tis sure the hardest, leisure to enjoy.
For one who knows to taste this god-like bliss,
What countless swarms of vain pretenders miss?
Though each dull plodding thing, to ape the wise,
Ridiculously grave, for leisure sighs,
(His boasted wish from busy scenes to run)
Grant him that leisure, and the fool's undone.
The gods, to curse poor Demea, heard his vow,
And business now no more contracts his brow:
Nor real cares, 'tis true, perplex his breast,
But thousand fancied ills his peace molest;
The slightest trifles solid sorrows prove,
And the long ling'ring wheel of life scarce seems to move.

Useless in business, yet unfit for ease,
Nor skill'd to mend mankind, nor form'd to please,

Such spurious animals of worthless race
Live but the public burthen and disgrace:
Like mean attendants on life's stage are seen,
Drawn forth to fill, but not conduct the scene.

The mind not taught to think, no useful store
To fix reflection, dreads the vacant hour.
Turn'd on its self its numerous wants are seen,
And all the mighty void that lies within.
Yet cannot wisdom stamp our joys complete;
'Tis conscious virtue crowns the blest retreat.
Who feels not that, the private path must shun;
And fly to public view t' escape his own;
In life's gay scenes uneasy thoughts suppress,
And lull each anxious care in dreams of peace.
'Midst foreign objects not employ'd to roam,
Thought, sadly active, still corrodes at home:
A serious moment breaks the false repose,
And guilt in all its naked horror shows.

He who would know retirement's joy refin'd,
The fair recess must seek with cheerful mind:
No Cynic's pride, no bigot's heated brain,
No frustrate hope, nor love's fantastic pain,
With him must enter the sequester'd cell,
Who means with pleasing solitude to dwell;
But equal passions let his bosom rule,
A judgment candid, and a temper cool,
Enlarg'd with knowledge, and in conscience clear,
Above life's empty hopes, and death's vain fear.

Such he must be who greatly lives alone;
Such Portio is, in crowded scenes unknown
For public life with every talent born,
Portio far off retires with decent scorn;
Though without business, never unemploy'd,
And life, as more at leisure, more enjoy'd:
For who like him can various science taste,
His mind shall never want an endless feast.
In his blest ev'ning walk may'st thou, may I,
Oft friendly join in sweet society;
Our lives like his in one smooth current flow,
Nor swell'd with tempest, nor too calmly slow,
Whilst he, like some great sage of Rome or Greece,
Shall calm each rising doubt, and speak us peace,
Correct each thought, each wayward wish control,
And stamp with every virtue all the soul.

Ah! how unlike is Umbrio's gloomy scene,
Estrang'd from all the cheerful ways of men!
There superstition works her baneful pow'r,
And darkens all the melancholy hour.
Unnumber'd fears corrode and haunt his breast,
With all that whim or ig'nrance can suggest.
In vain for him kind nature pours her sweets;
The visionary saint no joy admits,
But seeks with pious spleen fantastic woes,
And for heav'n's sake heav'n's offer'd good foregoes.

Whate'er's our choice we still with pride prefer,
And all who deviate, vainly think must err:

io, in books and abstract notions lost,
none but knaves and fools in honor's post;
st Syphax, fond on fortune's sea to sail,
boldly drive before the flatt'ring gale
vard her dang'rous ocean to explore),
emns as cowards those who make the shore.
o my friend impartial,—man he views
l in what he shuns as what pursues;
different turns to general good conspire,
hero's passion and the poet's fire;
figure plac'd in nature's wise design,
true proportion and exactest line:
lights and shades unite in due degree,
form the whole with fairest symmetry.

EPISTLE III.

LIFE BURDENSOME,

BECAUSE

WE KNOW NOT HOW TO USE IT.

BY EDWARD ROLLE, B.D.

WHAT? sir,—a month, and not one line afford!
'Tis well:—how finely some folk keep their word!
I own my promise—But to steal an hour,
'Midst all this hurry—'tis not in my pow'r,
Where life each day does one fix'd order keep,
Successive journies, weariness and sleep.
Or if our scheme some interval allows,
Some hours design'd for thought and for repose;
Soon as the scatter'd images begin
In the mind to rally—company comes in:
Reason, adieu! there 's no more room to think;
For all the day behind is noise and drink.
Thus life rolls on, but not without regret;
Whene'er at morning, in some cool retreat
I walk alone:—'tis then in thought I view
Some sage of old; 'tis then I think of you;

Whose breast no tyrant passions ever seize,
No pulse that riots, blood that disobeys;
Who follow but where judgment points the way,
And whom too busy sense ne'er led astray.
Not that you joys with moderation shun;
You taste all pleasures, but indulge in none.
Fir'd by this image, I resolve anew:
'Tis reason calls, and peace and joy 's in view.
How bless'd a change! a long adieu to sense:
O shield me, sapience! virtue's reign commence!
Alas! how short a reign!—the walk is o'er,
The dinner waits, and friends some half a score:
At first to virtue firm, the glass I fly;
'Till some sly sot,—" Not drink the family!"
Thus gratitude is made to plead for sin;
My trait'rous breast a party forms within;
And inclination brib'd, we never want
Excuse—" 'Tis hot, and walking makes one faint."
Now sense gets strength; my bright resolves decay,
Like stars that melt at the approach of day:
Thought dies; and ev'n, at last, your image fades
away.
My head grows warm; all reason I despise:
" To-day be happy, and to-morrow wise!"
Betray'd so oft, I'm half persuaded now,
Surely to fail, the first step is to vow.

The country lately, 'twas my wish: oh there!
Gardens, diversions, friends, relations, air:
For London now, dear London, how I burn!

I must be happy, sure, when I return.
Whoever hopes true happiness to see,
Hopes for what never was, nor e'er will be:
The nearest ease, since we must suffer still,
Are they who dare be patient under ill.

Whilom a fool saw where a fiddle lay;
And after poring round it, strove to play:
Above, below, across, all ways he tries;
He tries in vain, 'tis discord all and noise:
Fretting he threw it by: then thus the lout;
"There 's music in it, could I fetch it out."
If life does not its harmony impart,
We want not instruments, but have not art.
'Tis endless to defer our hopes of ease,
Till crosses end, and disappointments cease.
The sage is happy, not that all goes right,
His cattle feel no rot, his corn no blight;
The mind for ease is fitted to the wise,
Not so the fool's—'tis here the difference lies;
Their prospect is the same, but various are t
eyes.

EPISTLE IV.

THE

DUTY OF EMPLOYING ONE'S SELF.

By the Same.

Few people know it, yet, dear sir, 'tis true,
Man should have somewhat evermore to do.
Hard labor 's tedious, every one must own;
But surely better such by far, than none;
The perfect drone, the quite impertinent,
Whose life at nothing aims, but—to be spent;
Such Heaven visits for some mighty ill:
'Tis sure the hardest labour, to sit still.
Hence that unhappy tribe who nought pursue:
Who sin, for want of something else to do.

Sir John is bless'd with riches, honor, love;
And to be bless'd indeed, needs only move.
For want of this, with pain he lives away,
A lump of hardly-animated clay:
Dull 'till his double bottle does him right;
He's easy just at twelve o'clock at night.
Thus for one sparkling hour alone he 's blest;
While spleen and head-ach seize on all the rest.

What numbers, sloth with gloomy humors fills!
Racking their brains with visionary ills.
Hence what loud outcries, and well-meaning rage,
What endless quarrels at the present age!
How many blame! how often may we hear,
"Such vice!—well, sure, the last day must be near!"
T' avoid such wild, imaginary pains,
The sad creation of distemper'd brains,
Dispatch, dear friend! move, labour, sweat, run, fly!
Do aught—but think the day of judgment nigh.

There are, who've lost all relish for delight:
With them no earthly thing is ever right.
T' expect to alter to their taste, were vain;
For who can mend so fast, as they complain?
Whate'er you do, shall be a crime with such;
One while you've lost your tongue, then talk to much:
Thus shall you meet their waspish censure still;
As hedge-hogs prick you, go which side you will.
Oh! pity these whene'er you see them swell!
Folks call 'em cross—poor men! they are not well.
How many such, in indolence grown old,
With vigor ne'er do any thing, but scold?
Who spirits only from ill-humor get;
Like wines that die, unless upon the fret.

Weary of flouncing to himself alone,
Acerbus keeps a man to fret upon.
The fellow 's nothing on the earth to do,

But to sit quiet and be scolded to.
Pishes and oaths, whene'er the master's sour'd,
All largely on the scape-goat slave are pour'd.
This drains his rage; and though to John so rough,
Abroad you'd think him complaisant enough.

As for myself, whom poverty prevents
From being angry at so great expence;
Who, should I ever be inclin'd to rage,
For want of slaves, war with myself must wage,
Must rail, and hear; chastising, be chastis'd;
Be both the tyrant, and the tyranniz'd;
I choose to labor, rather than to fret:
What's rage in some, in me goes off in sweat.
If times are ill, and things seem never worse;
Men, manners to reclaim,—I take my horse.
One mile reforms 'em, or if aught remain
Unpurg'd,—'tis but to ride as far again.
Thus on myself in toils I spend my rage:
I pay the fine; and that absolves the age.

Sometimes, still more to interrupt my ease,
I take my pen, and write such things as these:
Which though all other merit be deny'd,
Shew my devotion still to me employ'd.
Add too, though writing be itself a curse,
Yet some distempers are a cure for worse;
And since 'midst indolence, spleen will prevail,
Since who do nothing else are sure to rail;

Man should be suffer'd thus to play the fool,
To keep from hurt, as children go to school.

You should not rhyme in spite of nature!—True;
Yet sure 'tis greater trouble, if you do:
And if 'tis lab'ring only, men profess,
Who writes the hardest, writes with most success.

Thus for myself and friends, I do my part;
Promoting doubly the pains-taking art:
First to myself, 'tis labor to compose;
To read such lines, is drudgery to those.

EPISTLE V.

ON

HONOR.

To the

LORD VISCOUNT LONSDALE.

BY JOHN BROWN, D. D.

Hic manus ob Patriam pugnando vulnera passi;
Quique Sacerdotes casti dum vita manebat;
Quique pii Vates, & Phoebo digna locuti,
Inventas aut qui Vitam excoluere per Artes,
Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo;
Omnibus his nivea cinguntur Tempora vitta. Virg.

——————————Who shall go about
To cozen Fortune, and be honorable
Without the stamp of Merit? Shakspere.

YES: all, my Lord, usurp fair HONOR's fame,
Though false as various be the boasted claim:
Th' ambitious miser swells his boundless store,
And dreads that highest scandal, to be poor;
His wiser heir derides the dotard's aim,
And bids profusion bribe him into fame.
Oft' Honor, perching on the ribbon'd breast,
Sneers at weak justice, and defies th' arrest:
She dwells exulting on the tongues of kings;
She wakes the Muse to flight, and plumes her wings;

The soldier views her in the shining blade;
The pedant 'midst the lumber in his head.
She to fell Treason the disguise can lend,
And sheath her sword remorseless in a friend:
Her throne's fantastic pride, we often see
Rear'd on the tombs of Truth and Honesty;
Fops, templars, courtiers, slaves, cheats, patriots, all
Pretend to hear, and to obey her call.

Where fix we then?—Each boasting thus his own,
Say, does *true* Honor dwell with all, or none?

The truth, my Lord, is clear: though impious pride
Be ever self-ador'd, self-deify'd;
Though fools by passion or self-love betray'd,
Fall down and worship what themselves have made;
Still does the Goddess, in her form divine,
O'er each grim idol eminently shine;
Array'd in lasting majesty, is known
Through every clime and age, unchang'd, and one.

But how explor'd?—Take Reason for your guide,
Discard self-love; set passion's glass aside;
Nor view her with the jaundic'd eye of pride.
Yet judge not rashly from a partial view
Of what is wrong or right, or false or true;
Objects too near deceive th' observer's eye;
Examine those which at a distance lie.
Scarce is the structure's harmony descry'd

'Midst the tall column's, and gay order's pride;
But tow'rd the destin'd point your sight remove,
And this shall lessen still, and that improve,
New beauties gain upon your wond'ring eyes,
And the fair Whole in just proportion rise.
Thus Honor's true proportions best are seen,
Where the due length of ages lies between:
This separates pride from greatness, show from worth,
Detects false beauty, real grace calls forth;
Points out what merits praise, what merits blame,
Sinks in disgrace, or rises into fame.

Come then, from past examples let us prove
What raises hate, contempt, esteem, or love.

Can greatness give true Honor? can expence?
Can luxury? or can magnificence?

Wild is the purpose, and the fruitless aim,
Like a vile prostitute to bribe fair Fame;
Persuasive splendor vainly tempts her ear,
And e'en all-potent gold is baffled here.
Ye pyramids, that once could threat the skies,
Aspiring tow'rs, and cloud-wrapt wonders rise!
To latest age your founder's pride proclaim;
Record the tyrant's greatness; tell his name;
No more:—The treacherous brick and mould'ring stone
Are sunk in dust: the boasting title gone;

Pride's trophies swept by Time's devouring flood;
Th' inscription want, to tell where once they stood.
But could they rival Nature, Time defy,
Yet what record but Vice or Vanity?
His the true glory, though his name unknown,
Who taught the arch to swell; to rise, the stone;
Not his, whose wild command fair art obey'd,
Whilst folly dictated, or passion sway'd.

No: spite of greatness, pride and vice are seen,
Shameful in pomp, conspicuously mean.

In vain, O Studley, thy proud forests spread;
In vain each gilded turret rears its head;
In vain thy lord commands the streams to fall,
Extends the view, and spreads the smooth canal,
While guilt's black train each conscious walk invade,
And cries of orphans haunt him in the shade.
Mistaken man! by crimes to hope for fame!
Thy imag'd glory leads to real shame:
Is villany self-hated? thus to raise
Upbraiding monuments of foul disgrace?
Succeeding times, and ages yet unborn,
Shall view the guilty scenes with honest scorn;
Disdain each beauty thy proud folly plann'd,
And curse the labors of oppression's hand.

Next view the Hero in th' embattled field;
True Honor's fruit can conquest's laurel yield?

Him only honor'd, only lov'd we find,
Who fights not to destroy, but save mankind:
PELIDES' fury may our wonder move,
But god-like HECTOR is the man we love.
See WILLIAM's sword a tyrant's pride disarm;
See LEWIS trembling under MARLB'RO's arm:
Say, which to human kind are friends or foes;
And who detests not These, and loves not Those?
Conquest unjust can ne'er command applause;
'Tis not the vict'ry charms you, but the cause:
Not Caesar's self can feign the patriot's part,
Nor his false virtues hide his poison'd heart:
But round thy brows the willing laurels twine,
Whose voice wak'd Freedom in the savage mine!
Yes: truly glorious, only great is he,
Who conquers, or who bleeds for liberty.
"Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed,
"From Macedonia's madman to the Swede."
Like baleful comets flaming in the skies,
At destin'd times th' appointed scourges rise;
Awhile in streaming lustre sweep along,
And fix in wonder's gaze th' admiring throng;
But Reason's eye detects the spurious ray,
And the false blaze of glory dies away.

Now all th' aërial cells of wit explore;
The mazy rounds of science travel o'er;
Search all the deep recesses of the mind,
And see, if there true Honor sit enshrin'd.

Alas, nor wit nor science this can boast,
Oft' dash'd with error, oft' in caprice lost!
Transient as bright the short-liv'd bubbles fly!
And modes of wit, and modes of science die.
See Rab'lais once the idol of the age;
Yet now neglected lies the smutted page!
Of once renown'd Des Cartes how low the fall,—
His glory with his whirlpools vanish all!
See folly, wit—and weakness, wisdom stain,—
And Villars witty—Bacon wise in vain!
Oft' vice corrupts what sense and parts refine,
And clouds the splendor of the brightest line,
Sullies what Congreve, and what Dryden writ,—
This, fashion's slave: as that, the slave of wit.
In vain fair Genius bids the laurel shoot,
The deadly worm thus eating at the root;
Corroded thus, the greenest wreaths decay,
And all the poet's honors fall away;
Quick as autumnal leaves, the laurels fade,
And drop on Rochester's and Otway's head.

Where then is found TRUE HONOR, heaven fair,
Ask LONSDALE, ask your heart—she dictates there.

Yes:—'tis in VIRTUE.——That alone can give
The lasting honor, and bid glory live:
On Virtue's basis only fame can rise,
To stand the storms of age, and reach the skies:

Arts, conquest, greatness, feel the stroke of fate,
Shrink sudden, and betray th' incumbent weight;
Time with contempt the faithless props surveys,
"And buries madmen in the heaps they raise."

'Tis Virtue only can the bard inspire,
And fill his raptur'd breast with lasting fire:
Touch'd by th' ethereal ray each kindled line
Beams strong: still Virtue feeds the flame divine;
Where-e'er she treads she leaves her footsteps bright
In radiant tracts of never-dying light;
These shed the lustre o'er each sacred name,
Give SPENSER's clear, and SHAKSPERE's noble flame;
Blaze to the skies in MILTON's ardent song,
And kindle the brisk-sallying fire of YOUNG;
These gild each humble verse in modest GAY;
These give to SWIFT the keen, soul-piercing ray;
Mildly through ADDISON's chaste page they shine,
And glow and warm in POPE's immortal line.

Nor less the sage must live by Virtue's aid;
Truth must support him, or his glories fade;
And truth and virtue differ but in name:
Like light and heat—distinguish'd, yet the same.

To truth and virtue the ascent is sure;
The wholesome stream implies the fountain pure;
To taste the spring we oft' essay in vain:
Deep lies the source, too short is reason's chain;

But those the issues of pure truth we know,
Which in clear strength through virtue's channe
flow:
Error in vain attempts the foul disguise,
Still tasted in the bitter wave of vice;
Drawn from the springs of Falsehood all confess
Each baneful drop that poisons happiness;
Gordon's thin shallows, Tindal's muddy page,
And Morgan's gall, and Woolston's furious rage;
Th' envenom'd stream that flows from Toland'
quill,
And the rank dregs of Hobbes and Mandeville.
Detested names! yet sentenc'd ne'er to die:
Snatch'd from oblivion's grave by infamy!

Insect-opinions, hatch'd by folly's ray,
Bask in the beam that wing'd them, for a day:
Truth, Phoenix-like immortal, though she dies,
With strength renew'd shall from her ashes rise.

See how the lustre of th' ATHENIAN sage
Shines through the lengthen'd gloom of many an age
Virtue alone so wide the beam could spread,
And throw the lasting glory round his head.
See NEWTON chaste conjecture's twilight ray,
And light up nature into certain day!
He wide creation's trackless mazes trod;
And in each atom found the ruling God.
Unrival'd pair! with truth and virtue fraught!
Whose lives confirm'd whate'er their reason taught

Whose far-stretch'd views, and bright examples join'd
At once t' enlighten and persuade mankind!
Hail names rever'd! which time and truth proclaim
The first and fairest in the list of fame.

Kings, statesmen, patriots, thus to glory rise;
On virtue grows the fame, or soon it dies;
But grafted on the vigorous stock, 'tis seen
Brighten'd by age, and springs in endless green:
Pride, folly, vice, may blossom for an hour,
Fed by court sun-shine, and poetic show'r;
But the pale tendrils, nurs'd by flattery's hand,
Unwearied tendance, fresh supplies demand;
By heats unnatural push'd to sudden growth,
They sicken at th' inclement blasts of truth;
Shook by the weakest breath that passes by,
Their colors fade, they wither, droop, and die.

* * * * * *

'Tis Virtue only that shall grow with time,
Live through each age, and spread through every clime.
See god-like patriots, gen'rous, wise, and good,
Stand in the breach, and stem corruption's flood!
See martyr-bishops at the stake expire,
Smile on the faggot, and defy its fire!
How great in exile HYDE and TULLY shone!
How ALFRED's virtues brighten'd all his throne;
From worth like this unbidden glories stream;
Nor borrow'd blaze it asks, nor fortune's beam;

Affliction's gloom but makes it still more bright,
As the clear lamp shines clearest in the night.

Thus various honors various states adorn,
As different stars with different glories burn;
Their orbs too wider, as their sphere is higher;
Yet all partake the same celestial fire.

See then heav'n's endless bounty, and confess,
Which gives in Virtue fame and happines;
See mankind's folly, who the boon despise,
And grasp at pain and infamy in Vice!

Not so the man who mov'd by Virtue's laws,
Reveres himself—and gains, not seeks applause;
Whose views concenter'd all to Virtue tend;
Who makes true glory but his second end:
Still sway'd by what is fit, and just, and true,
Who gives to all whate'er to all is due;
When parties mad sedition's garb put on,
Snatches the highest praise—and is of none:
Whilst round and round the veering patriots roll,
Unshaken points to Truth, as to his pole;
Contemns alike what factions praise or blame;
O'er rumor's narrow orbit soars to fame:
Unmov'd whilst malice barks, or envy howls,
Walks firm to virtue through the scoffs of fools;
No minion flatters; gains no selfish end;
His own—his king's—his country's—mankind friend;—

Him Virtue crowns with wreaths that ne'er decay;
And glory circles him with endless day.

Such he who deep in VIRTUE roots his fame;
And such through ages shall be LONSDALE's name.

EPISTLE VI.

ON

NOBILITY.

TO THE EARL OF ***.

BY WILLIAM WHITEHEAD, ESQ.
[Late Poet-Laureat.]

POETS, my Lord, by some unlucky fate
Condemn'd to flatter the too easy great,
Have oft, regardless of the heaven-born flame,
Enshrin'd a title, and ador'd a name;
For idol deities forsook the true,
And paid to greatness what was virtue's due.

Yet hear, at least, one recreant bard maintain
Their incense vapor, and your honors vain:
Teach you to scorn th' auxiliar props, that raise
The painted produce of these sun-shine days;
Proud from yourself, like India's worm, to weave
Th' ennobling thread which fortune cannot give.
In two short precepts your whole lesson lies;
Would you be great?—be virtuous, and be wise.

In elder time, ere heralds yet were known
To gild the vain with glories not their own;
Or infant language say such terms prevail,
As Fess and Chevron, Pale and Contrepale;
'Twas he alone the shaggy spoils might wear,
Whose strength subdued the lion, or the bear;
For him the rosy spring with smiles beheld
Her honors stript from every grove and field;
For him the rustic choirs with songs advance;
For him the virgins form the annual dance.
Born to protect, like Gods they hail the brave;
And sure 'twas godlike, to be born to save!

In Turkey still these simple manners reign,
Though Pharamond has liv'd, and Charlemagne:
The cottage hind may there admitted rise
A chief, or statesman, as his talent lies;
And all, but Othman's race, the only proud,
Fall with their sires, and mingle with the crowd.

Politer courts, ingenious to extend
The father's virtues, bid his pomps descend;
Chiefs premature with suasive wreaths adorn,
And force to glory heroes yet unborn.
Plac'd like Hamilcar's son, their paths confin'd,
Forward they must, for monsters press behind;
Monsters more dire than Spain's or Barca's snakes:
If fame they grasp not, infamy o'ertakes.
'Tis the same virtue's vigorous, just effort,
Must grace alike St. James's, or the Porte;

Alike, my Lord, must Turk, or British peer,
Be to his King and to his country dear;
Alike must either honor's cause maintain,
You to preserve a fame, and they to gain.

For birth—precarious were that boasted gem,
Though worth flow'd copious in the vital stream:
(Of which a sad reverse historians preach,
And sage Experience proves the truths they teach.)
For say, ye great, who boast another's scars,
And, like Busiris, end among the stars,
What is this boon of Heaven? dependent still
On woman's weakness, and on woman's will.
Might not, in Pagan days, and open air,
Some wand'ring Jove surprise th' unguarded fair?
And did your gentle grandames always prove
Stern rebels to the charms of lawless love?
And never pity'd at some tender time,
A dying Damian, withering in his prime?
Or, more politely to their vows untrue,
Lov'd, and elop'd, as modern ladies do?

But grant them virtuous, were they all of birth?
Did never nobles mix with vulgar earth,
And city maids to envy'd heights translate,
Subdu'd by passion, and decay'd estate?
Or, sigh, still humbler, to the passing gales
By turf-built cots in daisy-painted vales?
Who does not, Pamela, thy sufferings feel?
Who has not wept at beauteous Grisel's wheel;

And each fair Marchioness, that Gallia pours
(Exotic sorrows) to Britannia's shores?

Then blame us not, if backward to comply
With your demands: we fear a forgery.
In spite of patents, and of kings decrees,
And blooming coronets on parchment-trees,
Your proofs are gone, your very claims are lost,
But by the manners of that race you boast.
O, if true virtue fires their generous blood,
The feel for fame, the pant for public good,
The kind concern for innocence distrest,
The Titus' wish to make a people blest,
At every deed we see their father's tomb
Shoot forth new laurels in eternal bloom;
We hear the rattling car, the neighing steeds,
A Poictiers thunders, and a Cressy bleeds!
Titles and birth, like di'monds from the mine,
Must by your worth be polish'd ere they shine;
Thence drink new lustre, there unite their rays,
And stream through ages one unsulli'd blaze.

But what avails the crest with flow'rets crown'd,
The mother virtuous, or the sires renown'd,
If, from the breathing walls, those sires behold
The midnight gamester trembling for his gold:
And see those hours, when sleep their toils repair'd,
(Or if they wak'd, they wak'd for Britain's guard,)

Now on lewd loves bestow'd, or drench'd in wine,
Drown and embrute the particle divine?
How must they wish, with many a sigh, unheard
The warmest prayer they once to heaven preferr'd!
When, not content with fame for kingdoms won,
They sought an added boon, and ask'd a son;
That cloud eternal in their sky serene,
That dull dead weight that drags them down to men
And speaks as plainly as the Muse's tongue,
"Frail were the sires from whence we mortals sprung."

Incense to such may breathe, but breathes in vain,
The dusky vapor but obscures the fane:
Loretto's lady like, such patrons bear
The flattering strains of many a live-long year:
Whilst but to shame them beams fictitious day,
And their own filth th' eternal lamps betray.
Tell us, ye names, preserv'd from Charles's times
In dedication prose, heroic rhymes;
Would ye not now, with equal joy resign
(Though taught to flow in Dryden's strain divine)
The awkward virtues never meant to fit,
The alien morals, and imputed wit,
Whose very praise but lends a fatal breath,
To save expiring infamy from death?
And yet, in conquering vice small virtue lies;
The weak can shun it, and the vain despise.
'Tis yours, my Lord, to form a nobler aim,

And build on active merit endless fame;
Unlike the loitering, still forgotten crowd,
Who, ev'n at best but negatively good,
Through Sloth's dull round drag out a length of days,
While life's dim taper gradually decays;
And numbers fall, and numbers rise the same,
Their country's burden, and their nature's shame.

What though in youth, while flattering hopes presume
On health's vain flourish for long years to come,
Thoughtless and gay a mad good-nature draws
From followers flattery, and from crowds applause;
Nay from the wise, by some capricious whim,
Should, mix'd with pity, force a faint esteem:
Yet will in age that syren charm prevail,
When cares grow peevish, and when spirits fail?
Or must, despis'd, each fool of fortune sigh
O'er years mis-spent with retrospective eye,
Till pomp's last honors load the pageant bier,
And much solemnity without a tear?

'Tis yours with judgment nobly to bestow,
And treasure joys the bounteous only know.
See, sav'd from sloth by you, with venial pride,
Laborious Health the stubborn glebe divide:
Instructed Want her folded arms unbend,
And smiling Industry the loom attend.

Your's too the task to spread indulgent ease,
Steal cares from wrinkled age, disarm disease;
Insulted worth from proud oppression screen,
And give neglected Science where to lean.
Titles, like standard flags, exalted rise,
To tell the wretched where protection lies;
And he who hears unmov'd Affliction's claim,
Deserts his duty, and denies his name.

Nor is't enough, though to no bounds confin'd,
Your cares instruct, or bounties bless, mankind.
'Tis yours, my Lord, with various skill to trace,
By History's clue, the statesman's subtle maze;
Observe the springs that mov'd each nice machine,
Not laid too open, and not drawn too thin;
From Grecian mines bring sterling pleasures home,
And grace your Britain with the spoils of Rome.
But chief that Britain's gradual rise behold,
The changing world's reverse, from lead to gold;
Happy at last, through storms in freedom's cause,
Through fierce prerogative, and trampled laws,
To blend such seeming inconsistent things,
As strength with ease, and liberty with kings,
Know too, where Europe's wavering fates depend,
What states can injure, and what states defend,
Their strength, their arts, their policies your own;
And then, like PELHAM, make that wisdom known.
Wake every latent faculty of soul,
Teach from your lips the glowing sense to roll,

Till listening senates bless the kind alarm,
Convinc'd not dazzled, and with judgment warm.

Superior talents, on the great bestow'd,
Are heaven's pecular instruments of good :
Not for the few, who have them, are design'd :
What flows from heaven must flow for all mankind.
Blush then, ye peers, who niggards of your store,
Brood o'er the shining heap, nor make it more :
Or, Wilmot like, at some poor fool's expence,
Squander in wit the sacred funds of sense.
Wisdom alone is true ambition's aim,
Wisdom the source of virtue and of fame,
Obtain'd with labor, for mankind employ'd,
And then, when most you share it, best enjoy'd.

See ! on yon sea-girt isle the Goddess stands,
And calls her vot'ries with applauding hands !
They pant, they strain, they glow through climes unknown,
With added strength, and spirits not their own.
Hark ! what loud shouts each glad arrival hail !
How full fame's fragrance breathes in every gale !
How tempting nod the groves for ever green !
—" But tempests roar, and oceans roll between."—
Yet see, my Lord, your friends around you brave
That roaring tempest, and contending wave.
See ** laboring through the billowy tide !
See * impatient for the adverse side !

O much-lov'd youths! to Britain justly dear,
Her spring, and promise of a fairer year.
Success be theirs, whate'er their hopes engage,
Worth grace their youth, and honors crown their age;
And every warmest wish sincere, and free,
My soul e'er breathes, O ***, for thee!

Hard is your stated task by all allow'd,
And modern greatness rarely burst the cloud.
Lull'd high in Fortune's silken lap, you feel
No shocks, no turns of her uncertain wheel:
Amusements dazzle, weak admirers gaze,
And flattery sooths, and indolence betrays.
Yet still, my Lord, on happy peers attends
That noble privilege, to choose their friends;
The wise, the good, are theirs, their call obey;
If pride refuse not, fortune points the way.
Nor great your toils, on wisdom's seas compar'd
With theirs who shift the sail, or watch the card.
For you the sages every depth explore,
For you the slaves of Science ply the oar;
And Nature's Genii fly with sails unfurl'd,
The DRAKES and RALEIGHS of the mental world.

But stay—too long mere English lays detain
Your light-wing'd thoughts, that rove beyond the main:
No fancy'd voyage there expects the gale,
No allegoric zephyr swells the sail.

—Yet, ere you go, ere Gallia's pomp invades
The milder truths of Granta's peaceful shades,
This verse at least be yours, and boldly tell,
That if you fall, not unadvis'd you fell;
But, blest with virtue and with sense adorn'd,
A willing victim of the fools you scorn'd.

EPISTLE VII.

TO

THOMAS ASHTON, ESQ.

[TUTOR TO THE EARL OF PLYMOUTH.]

Written from Florence, in the Year 1740.

BY THE HONORABLE HORACE WALPOLE.

WHEN flourish'd with their state th' Athenian name,
And Learning and Politeness were the same,
Philosophy with gentle art refin'd
The honest roughness of th' unpractis'd mind:
She call'd the latent beams of Nature forth,
Guided their ardor, and insur'd their worth.
She pois'd th' impetuous Warrior's vengeful steel,
Mark'd true Ambition from destructive Zeal,
Pointed what lustre on that laurel blows,
Which Virtue only on her sons bestows.
Hence clement Cimon of unspotted fame,
Hence Aristides' ever fav'rite name;
Heroes, who knew to wield the righteous spear,
And guard their native tow'rs from foreign fear;

Or in firm bands of social Peace to bind
Their Country's good, and benefit mankind,
She trim'd the thoughtful Statesman's nightly oil,
Confirm'd his mind beneath an empire's toil,
Or with him to his silent villa stole,
Gilded his ev'ning hours, and harmoniz'd his soul.

To woods and caves she never bade retreat,
Nor fix'd in cloyster'd monkeries her seat:
No lonely precepts to her sons enjoin'd,
Nor taught them to be men, to shun mankind.
Cynics there were, an uncouth selfish race,
Of manners foul, and boastful of disgrace:
Brutes, whom no Muse has ever lov'd to name,
Whose Ignominy is their only fame.
No hostile trophies grace their honor'd urn,
Around their tomb no sculptur'd Virtues mourn;
Nor tells the marble into emblems grav'd,
An Art discover'd, or a City sav'd.

Be this the goal to which the Briton-Peer
Exalt his hope, and press his young career!
Be this the goal to which, my Friend, may you
With gentle skill direct his early view!
Artful the various studies to dispense,
And melt the schoolman's jargon down to sense.

See the pedantic Teacher, winking dull,
The letter'd Tyrant of a trembling school;

Teaching by force, and proving by a frown,
His lifted fasces ram the lesson down.
From tortur'd strains of eloquence he draws
Barbaric precepts and unmeaning laws,
By his own sense would Tully's word expound,
And a new Vandal tramples classic ground.

Perhaps a Bigot to the learned page,
No modern custom can his thoughts engage;
His little farm by Georgic rules he ploughs,
And prunes by metre the luxuriant boughs,
Still from Aratus' sphere or Maro's signs,
The future calm or tempest he divines,
And fears if the prognostic Raven's found
Expatiating alone along the dreary round.

What scanty precepts! studies how confin'd!
Too mean to fill your comprehensive mind:
Unsatisfy'd with knowing when or where
Some Roman Bigot rais'd a Fane to Fear;
On what green medal Virtue stands express'd,
How Concord's pictur'd, Liberty how dress'd;
Or with wise Ken judiciously define,
When Pius marks the honorary coin
Of Caracalla, or of Antonine.

Thirsting for knowledge, but to know the right
Through judgments's optic guide th' illusive sight
To let in rays on Reason's darkling cell,
And Prejudice's lagging mists dispel;

For this you turn the Greek and Roman page,
Weigh the contemplative and active Sage,
And cull some useful flow'r from each heroic Age.

Thence teach the Youth the necessary art,
To know the Judge's from the Critic's part;
Shew how ignoble is the passion, Fear,
And place some patriot Roman's model near;
Their bright examples to his soul instil,
Who knew no Fear, but that of doing ill.
Tell him, 'tis all a cant, a trifle all,
To know the folds that from the Toga fall,
The Clavus' breadth, the Bulla's golden round,
And every leaf that every Virtue crown'd;
But shew how brighter in each honest breast
Than in her shrine, the Goddess stood confess'd.

Tell him, it is not the fantastic Boy,
Elate with pow'r and swell'd with frantic joy,
'Tis not a slavish Senate, fawning, base,
Can stamp with honest fame a worthless race;
Though the false Coin proclaim him great and wise,
Thy tyrant's life shall tell that Coin, it lies.

But when your early Care shall have design'd
To plan the Soul and mould the waxen Mind;
When you shall pour upon his tender Breast
Ideas that must stand an Age's test,
Oh! there imprint with strongest deepest dye
The lovely form of Goddess Liberty!

For her in Senates be he train'd to plead,
For her in battles be he taught to bleed.
Lead him where Dover's rugged cliff resounds
With dashing seas, fair Freedom's honest bounds,
Point to yon azure Car, bedropp'd with gold,
Whose weight the necks of Gallia's sons uphold;
Where proudly sits an iron-scepter'd Queen,
And fondly triumphs o'er the prostrate scene,
Cry, That is Empire! shun her baleful path,
Her Words are Slavery, and her Touch is Death!
Through wounds and blood the Fury drives her way,
And murthers half, to make the rest her prey.

Thus spoke each Spartan Matron, as she dress'd
With the bright cuirass the young soldier's breast;
On the new warrior's tender-sinew'd thigh,
Girt Fear of Shame and Love of Liberty.

Steel'd with such precepts, for a cause so good,
What scanty bands the Persian host withstood!
Before the sons of Greece let Asia tell
How fled her Monarch, how her Millions fell!
When arm'd for Liberty, a Few how brave!
How weak a Multitude, where each a Slave!
No welcome Faulchion fill'd their fainting hand,
No Voice inspir'd of favorite Command:
No Peasant fought for wealthy lands possess'd,
No fond remembrance warm'd the Parent's breast:
They saw their lands for royal riot groan,
And toil'd in vain for banquets, not their own;

They saw their infant Race to bondage rise,
And frequent heard the ravish'd Virgin's cries,
Dishonor'd but to cool a transient gust
Of some luxurious Satrap's barb'rous lust.

The greatest curses any Age has known
Have issued from the Temple or the Throne;
Extent of ill from Kings at first begins,
But Priests must aid, and consecrate their sins.
The tortur'd Subject might be heard complain,
When sinking under a new weight of chain,
Or more rebellious might perhaps repine,
When tax'd to dow'r a titled Concubine,
But the Priest christens all a Right Divine.

When at the altar a new Monarch kneels,
What conjur'd awe upon the people steals!
The chosen He adores the precious oil,
Meekly receives the solemn charm, and while
The Priest some blessed nothings mutters o'er,
Sucks in the sacred grease at every pore:
He seems at once to shed his mortal skin,
And feels Divinity transfus'd within.
The trembling Vulgar dread the royal Nod,
And worship God's anointed, more than God.

Such Sanction gives the Prelate to such Kings!
So mischief from those hallow'd fountains springs.
But bend your eye to yonder harrass'd plains,

Where King and Priest in one united reigns;
See fair Italia mourn her holy state,
And droop oppress'd beneath a papal weight:
Where fat Celibacy usurps the soil,
And sacred Sloth consumes the peasant's toil:
The holy drones monopolize the sky,
And plunder by a vow of Poverty.
The Christian Cause their lewd profession taints;
Unlearn'd, unchaste, uncharitable Saints.

Oppression takes Religion's hallow'd name,
And Priest-craft knows to play the specious game.
Behold how each enthusiastic fool
Of ductile piety, becomes their tool:
Observe with how much art, what fine pretence,
They hallow Foppery and combat Sense.

Some hoary Hypocrite, grown old in sin,
Whose thought of heav'n with his last hours begin,
Counting a chaplet with a bigot care,
And mumbling somewhat 'twixt a charm and pray'r
Hugs a dawb'd image of his injur'd Lord,
And squeezes out on the dull idol-board
A sore-ey'd gum of tears; the flannel Crew
With cunning joy the fond repentance view,
Pronounce Him bless'd, his miracles proclaim,
Teach the slight crowd t' adore his hallow'd name,
Exalt his praise above the Saints of old,
And coin his sinking conscience into Gold.

Or when some Pontiff with imperious hand
Sends forth his edict to excise the land,
The tortur'd Hind unwillingly obeys,
And mutters curses as his mite he pays!
The subtle Priest th' invidious name forbears,
Asks it for holy use or venal pray'rs;
Exhibits all their trumpery to sale,
A bone, a mouldy morsel, or a nail:
Th' idolatrous Devout adore the show,
And in full streams the molten off'rings flow.

No Pagan object, nothing too profane,
To aid the Romish zeal for Christian gain.
Each Temple with new weight of idols nods,
And borrow'd Altars smoke to other Gods.
Prometheus' Vulture Matthew's Eagle proves;
And heav'nly Cherubs sprout from heathen Loves;
Young Ganymede a winged Angel stands
By holy Luke, and dictates God's commands:
Apollo, though degraded, still can bless,
Rewarded with a Sainthood, and an s.
Each convert Godhead is apostoliz'd,
And Jove himself by Peter's name baptiz'd,
Astarte shines in Jewish Mary's fame,
Still Queen of heav'n, another and the same.

While the proud Priest the sacred Tyrant reigns
Of empty cities and dispeopled plains,
Where fetter'd Nature is forbid to rove
In the free commerce of productive Love:

Behold imprison'd with her barren kind,
In gloomy cells the votive Maid confin'd;
Faint streams of blood, by long stagnation weak,
Scarce tinge the fading damask of her cheek;
In vain she pines, the holy Faith withstands,
What Nature dictates and what God commands:
But if some sanguine He, some lusty Priest
Of jollier morals taste the tempting feast,
From the strong grasp if some poor babe arise,
Unwelcome, unindear'd, it instant dies;
Or poisons blasting soon the hasty joy,
Th' imperfect seeds of infant life destroy.

Fair Modesty, thou virgin tender-ey'd,
From thee the Muse the grosser acts must hide,
Nor the dark cloister's mystic rites display,
Whence num'rous brawny Monkhoods waste away,
And unprolific, though forsworn, decay.

Britannia smiling, views her golden plains
From mitred bondage free and papal chains;
Her jocund Sons pass each unburthen'd day
Securely quiet, innocently gay:
Lords of themselves the happy Rustics sing,
Each of his little tenement the King.
Twice did usurping Rome extend her hand,
To reinslave the new-deliver'd land;
Twice were her sable bands to battle warm'd,
With pardons, bulls, and texts, and murthers arm'd;
With Peter's sword and Michael's lance were sent,

And whate'er stores supply'd the Church's armament.
Twice did the gallant Albion race repel
The Jesuit legions to the gates of hell;
Or whate'er Angel, friend to Britain, took
Or William's or Eliza's guardian look.

Arise, young Peer! shine forth in such a cause!
Who draws the sword for Freedom, justly draws.
Reflect how dearly was that Freedom bought;
For that, how oft your ancestors have fought;
Through the long series of our princes down,
How wrench'd some right from each too potent Crown.

See abject John, that vassal-Monarch, see!
Bow down the royal neck, and crouch the supple knee!
Oh! prostitution of imperial State!
To a vile Romish Priest's vile Delegate.
Him the bold Barons scorning to obey,
And be the subjects of a subject sway;
Heroes whose names to latest fame shall shine,
Aw'd by no visions of a Right Divine,
That bond by eastern Politicians wrought,
Which ours have learnt, and Rabbi Doctors taught,
To straiter banks restrain'd the Royal Will,
That great prerogative of doing ill.

To late example and experience dead,
See Henry in his Father's footsteps tread.

Too young to govern, immature to pow'r,
His early follies haunt his latest hour.
His nobles injur'd, and his realms oppress'd,
No violated Senate's wrongs redress'd,
His hoary age sinks in the feeble wane
Of an inglorious, slighted, tedious reign.

The Muse too long with idle glories fed,
And train'd to trumpet o'er the warlike dead,
The wanton fain on giddy plumes would soar,
To Gallic Loire and Jordan's humbled shore;
Again would teach the Saracen and Gaul,
At Edward's and at Henry's name to fall;
Romantic heroes! prodigal of blood;
What numbers stain'd each ill-disputed flood!
Tools to a Clergy! warring but to feast
With spoils of provinces each pamper'd Priest.
Be dumb, fond Maid; thy sacred ink nor spill
On specious Tyrants, popularly ill;
Nor be thy comely locks with Roses dight
Of either victor color, Red or White.

Foil'd the assassin King, in union blow
The blended flow'rs on seventh Henry's brow.
Peace lights again on the forsaken strand,
And banish'd plenty re-assumes the land.
No nodding crest the crouching infant frights,
No clarion rudely breaks the bride's delights;
Reposing sabres seek their ancient place
To bristle round a gaping Gorgon's face.

The wearied arms grotesquely deck the wall,
And tatter'd trophies fret the Royal hall.
Put Peace in vain on the blood-fatten'd plains
From her exuberant horn her treasures rains:
She deals her gifts; but in an useless hour,
To glut the iron hand of griping Pow'r:
Such Lancaster, whom harrass'd Britain saw,
Mask'd in the garb of antiquated Law:
More politic than wise, more wise than great:
A legislator to enslave the state;
Coolly malicious; by design a knave:
More mean than false, ambitious more than brave;
Attach'd to Interest's more than Honor's call;
More strict than just, more covetous than all.

Not so the Reveller profuse, his Son,
His contrast course of tyranny begun;
Robust of limb, and flush'd with florid grace,
Strength nerv'd his youth, and squar'd his jovial face.
To feats of arms and carpet combats prone,
In either field the vig'rous monarch shone:
Mark'd out for riot, each luxurious day
In tournaments and banquets danc'd away.
But shift the scene, and view what slaughters stain
Each frantic period of his barb'rous reign:
A Tyrant to the people whom he rul'd,
By every potentate he dealt with, fool'd:
Sold by one minister, to all unjust;
Sway'd by each dictate of distemper'd lust;

Changing each worship that control'd the bent
Of his adult'rous will, and lew'd intent;
Big in unwieldy majesty and pride,
And smear'd with Queens and Martyr's blood,
dy'd.

Pass we the pious Youth too slightly seen;
The murd'rous zeal of a weak Romish Queen:
Nor with faint pencil, impotently vain,
Shadow the glories of Eliza's reign,
Who 's still too great, though some few faults she l
To catalogue with all those Royal bad.

Arise, great James! thy course of wisdom run!
Image of David's philosophic Son!
He comes! on either hand in seemly state,
Knowledge and Peace, his fondled handmaids, wa
Obscurely learn'd, elaborately dull,
Of quibbling cant and grace fanatic full.
Thron'd in full senate, on his pedant tongue,
These for six hours each weighty morning hung;
For these each string of royal pow'r he strain'd,
For these he sold whate'er Eliza gain'd;
For these he squander'd every prudent store
The frugal Princess had reserv'd before,
On pension'd sycophants and garter'd boys,
Tools of his will, and minions of his joys.
For these he let his beggar'd daughter roam;
Bubbled, for these, by Spanish art at home;

For these, to sum the blessings of his reign,
Poison'd one son and t'other sent to Spain:

Retire, strict Muse, and thy impartial verse
In pity spare on Charles's bleeding herse:
Or all his faults in blackest notes translate
To tombs where rot the authors of his fate;
To lustful Henrietta's Romish shade,
Let all his acts of lawless pow'r be laid;
Or to the Priest, more Romish still than her;
And whoe'er made his gentle virtues err.

On the next Prince, expell'd his native land,
In vain Affliction laid her iron hand;
Fortune, or fair or frowning, on his soul
Could stamp no virtue, and no vice control;
Honor, or morals, gratitude or truth,
Nor learn'd his ripen'd age, nor knew his youth;
The care of Nations left to whores or chance,
Plund'rer of Britain, pensioner of France;
Free to buffoons, to ministers deny'd,
He liv'd an atheist, and a bigot dy'd.

The reins of Empire, or resign'd or stole,
Are trusted next to James's weak control;
Him, meditating to subvert the laws,
His Hero Son in Freedom's beauteous cause
Rose to chastise: unhappy still! howe'er
Posterity the gallant action bear.

Thus have I try'd of Kings and Priests to sing,
And all the ills that from their vices spring;
While victor George thunders o'er either Spain,
Revenges Britain and asserts the Main;
To willing Indians deals our equal laws,
And from his Country's voice affects applause;
What time fair Florence on her peaceful shore,
Freed from the din of war and battle's roar,
Has lap'd me trifler in inglorious ease,
Modelling precepts that may serve and please;
Yours is the task—and glorious is the plan,
To build the Free, the Sensible, Good Man.

EPISTLE VIII.

TO THE

LORD VISC. BEAUCHAMP,

[Son of Algernon Earl of Hertford, afterwards Duke of Somerset.]

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR M DCC XXXV-VI.

BY JOHN DALTON, D. D.

MY LORD,

"WHAT is Nobility?" you wish to know,
The real substance stripp'd of all its show:
And can you then the honest freedom bear
Of truths I ought to tell, and you to hear?
Or shall I say—"Such beauty, birth, estate,
"Must make their owner lov'd, and make him great!
"Above the mean restraint of vulgar rules,
"Your will a law, plebeians but your tools,
"While mingling with your blood each honor flows,
"And in each pulse a Percy's ardor glows?"——

Not so the Muse: she teaches you to know,
How vain those honors you to others owe!

Who rise to glory, must by virtue rise,
'Tis in the mind all genuine greatness lies:
On that eternal base, on that alone,
The world's esteem you build, and more—your
own.

Tho' Percy, Seymour, mighty names! combine
To swell your blood, to dignify your line;
For you tho' fortune all her stores has spread,
And beauty points to pleasure's rosy bed;
Yet what avail birth, fortune's store,
The plume of title, and the pride of power,
If deaf to virtue, deaf to honor's call,
To tyrant vice a wretched slave you fall?
To vice, paternal laurels you must yield;
Revers'd each triumph, lost each purple field;
Your sires no more their captive foes detain,
You pay the ransom, and you break the chain;
No more your high descended fame we view,
No Hertford fought, no Percy bled for you.

I know, my Lord, ambition fills your mind,
And in life's voyage is th' impelling wind;
But at the helm let sober reason stand,
And steer the bark, with heaven-directed hand:
So shall you safe ambition's gales receive,
And ride securely, tho' the billows heave;
So shall you shun the giddy hero's fate,
And by her influence be both good and great.

She bids you first, in life's soft vernal hours,
With active industry, wake nature's powers;
With rising years, still rising arts display;
With new-born graces, mark each new-born day.
'Tis now the time young passion to command,
While yet the pliant stem obeys the hand;
Guide now the courser with a steady rein,
Ere yet he bounds o'er pleasure's flowery plain:
In passion's strife, no medium you can have;
You rule a master, or submit a slave.
"For whom these toils, you may perhaps enquire;"
First for yourself: Next nature will inspire
The filial thought, fond wish, and kindred tear,
Which make the parent and the sister dear:
To these, in closest bands of love, ally'd,
Their joy or grief you live, their shame or pride:
Hence timely learn to make their bliss your own,
And scorn to think or act for self alone;
Hence bravely strive upon your own to raise
Their honor, grandeur, dignity, and praise.

But wider far, beyond the narrow bound
Of family, ambition searches round;
Searches to find the friend's delightful face,
The friend at least demands the second place.
And yet beware: for most desire a friend
From meaner motives, not for virtue's end.
There are, who with fond favor's fickle gale
Now sudden swell, and now contract their sail:

This week devour, the next with sickening eye
Avoid, and cast the sully'd play-thing by;
There are, who, tossing in the bed of vice,
For flattery's opiate give the highest price;
Yet from the saving hand of friendship turn,
Her med'cines dread, her generous offers spurn.
Deserted greatness! who but pities thee?
By crowds encompass'd, thou no friend can'st see:
Or should kind truth invade thy tender ear,
We pity still; for thou no truth can'st hear.
Ne'er grudge thy wealth to swell an useless state,
Yet, frugal, deems th' expence of friends too great;
For friends, ne'er mixing in ambitious strife,
For friends, the richest furniture of life!

Be your's, my Lord, a nobler, higher aim,
Your pride to burn with friendship's sacred flame;
By virtue kindled, by like manners fed,
By mutual wishes, mutual favors spread,
Increas'd with years, by candid truth refin'd,
Pour all its boundless ardors thro' your mind.
Be your's the care a chosen band to gain;
With them to glory's radiant summit strain,
Aiding and aided each, while all contend,
Who best, who bravest, shall assist his friend.

Thus still should private friendships spread around,
Till in their joint embrace the public's found,
The common friend!—then all her good explore,

Explor'd, pursue with each unbiass'd power.
But chief the greatest should her laws revere,
Ennobling honors, which she bids them wear.
A British noble is a dubious name,
Of lowest infamy, or highest fame:
Born to redress an injur'd orphan's cause,
To smooth th' unequal frown of rigid laws;
To stand an isthmus of our well-mix'd state,
Where rival powers with restless billows beat,
And from each side alike the fury fling
Of maddening commons, or incroaching king.
How mean, who scorns his country's sacred voice!
By birth a patriot, but a slave by choice.
How great, who answers this illustrious end,
Whom prince and people call their equal friend!
"Yes, there I'll rest; ambition toils no more,
"That goal attain'd, sure her long race is o'er."
Alas! 'tis scarce begun! ambition smiles
At the poor limits of the British isles;
She o'er the globe expatiates unconfin'd,
Expands with christian charity the mind,
And pants to be the friend of all mankind.
Her country all beneath one ambient sky;
Whoe'er beholds yon radiant orbs on high,
To whom one sun impartial gives the day,
To whom the silver moon her milder ray,
Whom the same water, earth and air sustain,
O'er whom one parent-king extends his reign,
Are her compatriots all; by her belov'd,
In nature near, tho' far by space remov'd;

On common earth, no foreigner she knows;
No foe can find, or none but virtue's foes:
Ready she stands her cheerful aid to lend,
To want and woe an undemanded friend;
Nor thus advances others bliss alone;
But in the way to theirs still finds her own.
Their's is her own. What, should your taper light
Ten thousand, burns it to yourself less bright?
"Men are ungrateful."—Be they so, that dare!
Is that the giver's, or receiver's care?
Oh! blind to joys, that from true bounty flow,
To think, those e'er repent whose hearts bestow!

Man to his Maker thus best homage pays,
Thus peaceful walks thro' Virtue's pleasing ways:
Her gentle image on the soul imprest
Bids each tempestuous passion leave the breast:
Thence with her livid self-devouring snakes
Pale Envy flies; her quiver Slander breaks:
Thus falls (dire scourge of a distracted age!)
The knave-led, one ey'd monster, Party-Rage.
Ambition jostles with her friends no more;
Nor thirsts Revenge to drink a brother's gore;
Fury-Remorse no stinging scorpion rears;
O'er trembling Guilt no falling sword appears.
Hence Conscience, void of blame, her front erects,
Her God she fears, all other fear rejects.
Hence Just Ambition boundless splendors crown,
And hence she calls eternity her own.

Thus your lov'd Scipio past his glorious days,
:st with his kindred's, friend's, and country's
praise.
r ended there the human hero's thought,
r in the Roman was the man forgot;
the deaf battle hearing nature's call,
: doom'd with tears a rival empire's fall,
ıe world's great patriot he!—by fame inspir'd,
s youth each art adorn'd, each virtue fir'd;
: thro' Rome's sons the brave contagion spread,
w led to conquest, now to wisdom led;
:as'd, or to still the forum's civil roar,
muse, Cajeta, on thy bending shore;
:e from affairs, unfetter'd with parade,
taste a friend amid the rural shade:
ıere deigns to mingle in immortal lays,
ıere deep thro' time his country's fate surveys,
hile from his tongue sublimest precepts flow—
Iow man but sojourns on this spot below,
Iow mortal fame is to a point confin'd,
Ieaven only fit to fill th' immortal mind;
'or heaven, how virtue can alone prepare,
\nd vice wou'd find herself unhappy there."
nce, loos'd from earth, his pure affections soar
ıere sensual pleasure cheats the soul no more.
ıeath his feet do nations treasures lie?
llions he views with unretorted eye,
: country's manners does corruption drown;
, blameless censor! stems them by his own.

Did kingdoms groan? he bade oppression cease,
Stern tyrants aw'd, and hush'd the world to peace.
Did justice call? he car'd not what became
Of life, or of life's sweetest breath, his fame:
For her, he dar'd the nobles, peoples hate,
For her he liv'd, for her resign'd to fate.
These were his honors, his high triumphs these!
Oh! how unlike the slaves of wealth and ease:
With plenty curst, to make their life a void,
Too great, too noble to be well employ'd,
They seek some livery'd friend to drag away
The heavy, cumberous, miserable day.

There are, my Lord, that with unfeeling ear
A Scipio's, Sydney's, Falkland's glory hear,
Unmov'd a Lonsdale's spotless honor see,
Wise, studious, generous, loyal, just, and free!
Are proof to every lure of honest fame;
And yet of sycophants would buy a name;
Hence birds of throat obscene, and greedy maw,
The chattering magpye, the tale-bearing daw,
Rooks, vultures, harpies, their vile board surround,
While frighted merit flies th' unhallow'd ground,
Flies to the private shade, the pure retreat,
And to their flatterers leaves the proud and great.
What tho' their hands ne'er hold Britannia's reins,
Nor swords e'er seek her foes on crimson plains?
Yet, Blount shall own they drive six horses well,
And Mordington's their bolder courage tell,

Their name with Mordaunt's Pope disdains to sing,
Yet with their triumphs does Newmarket ring.
What though, ye Fair! they break thro' honor's laws;
Yet hence they gain a modish world's applause:
Receiv'd, repuls'd, their boast is still the same,
And still they triumph o'er each injur'd name.
Their vote, we know, ne'er rais'd the drooping state,
But rescu'd operas from impending fate.
Their bounty never bids Affliction smile,
But pampers fidlers with the tradesman's spoil.
No Goth to learning e'er was foe so fell,
Yet their bought praises dedications swell;
Yet White's allows them, in a length of years,
The first of sharpers, though the last of peers.

In vain for such may domes on domes arise,
With heads audacious, and invade the skies;
In vain dishonor'd stars dart mimic rays,
To give their sordid breasts a borrow'd blaze;
In vain with lordly rule, their wide domains
Swell hundred hills, and spread an hundred plains:
If mean, still meaner by their lofty state,
(So statues lessen by a base too great)
With birth ignoble, poor amid their store,
Obscur'd by splendor, impotent with power,
By titles stain'd, with beauty unadorn'd,
Courted by flattery, but by merit scorn'd,
The slaves of slaves, corruption's dirty tools,
The prey of villains, and the gaze of fools.

Rise then, my Lord, with noble ardor rise!
And whilst your sires before your ravish'd eyes
Pass in a grand review, oh! pant for fame,
And by your actions dignify their name,
Transmitting thence, with heighten'd lustre down,
Honors, that may your future offspring crown!

That sight the Muse with pleasing hope surveys,
While to the blissful hour her fancy strays,
When in the Hertford of another age
The same fair virtues shall your soul engage;
The same soft meekness and majestic mien
Shall cheer the private, grace the public scene.
From her, to glad at once your ears, and eyes,
A fair Eliza shall with spirit rise,
With lively humor, yet devoid of blame,
And be, with sweet variety, the same;
O'er some blest heart confirm her lasting sway,
With reason sprightly, and with goodness gay.
When to another Beauchamp you shall owe
Those joys, that with your dawning virtues grow,
In him again be born, again shall live,
And take that happiness, which now you give.
Heaven has on you pour'd down his kindest shower,
Health, riches, honors, bless'd your natal hour;
At once an elegance of form and mind,
To please, to serve, and to adorn your kind;
In manners gentle, but in genius strong;
Tho' gay, collected, and polite, tho' young.

These bounteous Heaven bestows! 'tis your's to raise
His gifts, and from their use derive your praise:
His the material, your's the work must be;
Your choice, my Lord, is fame or infamy.

Oh! should your virtues in pure current flow,
And wealth and pleasure all around bestow,
Till earth no more their length'ning stream can bound,
Nor sinks their fame in time's vast ocean drown'd,
Say, might the Muse to future age declare,
They were her early honor and her care?
That by her hand the bubbling fount was clear'd,
That, following where the mazy rill appear'd,
She form'd their channel, and their course she steer'd?
Might then this fond ambitious verse pretend,
She taught the pupil, yet preserv'd the friend;
First twin'd the wreaths, that shall your temples crown,
Still in your glory happier than her own?

EPISTLE IX.

TO

MR. FOX,

[Afterwards Earl of Ilchester.]

WRITTEN AT FLORENCE.

BY LORD HERVEY.

THOU dearest youth, who taught'st me first to know
What pleasures from a real friendship flow;
Where neither interest nor design have part,
But all the warmth is native of the heart;
Thou know'st to comfort, sooth, or entertain,
Joy of my health, and cordial of my pain.
When life seem'd failing on her latest stage,
And fell disease anticipated age;
When wasting sickness and afflictive pain,
By Aesculapius' sons oppos'd in vain,
Forc'd me reluctant, desperate, to explore
A warmer sun, and seek a milder shore;
Thy steady love with unexampled truth,
Forsook each gay companion of thy youth,
Whate'er the prosp'rous or the great employs,
Bus'ness and int'rest, and love's softer joys,

The weary steps of mis'ry to attend,
To share distress, and make a wretch thy friend.
If o'er the mountain's snowy height we stray,
Where Carthage first explor'd the vent'rous way;
Or through the tainted air of Rome's parch'd plains,
Where Want resides, and Superstition reigns;
Chearful and unrepining, still you bear
Each dangerous rigor of the various year;
And kindly anxious for thy friend alone,
Lament his suff'rings, and forget thy own.
Oh! would kind Heav'n, these tedious suff'rings past,
Permit me Ickworth, rest, and health at last,
In that lov'd shade, my youth's delightful seat,
My early pleasure, and my late retreat,
Where lavish Nature's favorite blessings flow,
And all the Seasons all their sweets bestow;
There might I trifle carelessly away
The milder evening of life's clouded day,
From bus'ness and the world's intrusion free,
With books, with love, with beauty, and with thee
No farther want, no wish yet unpossest
Could e'er disturb this unambitious breast.
Let those who Fortune's shining gifts implore,
Who sue for glory, splendor, wealth, or pow'r,
View this unactive state with scornful eyes,
And pleasures they can never taste, despise;
Let them still court that goddess' falser joys,
Who, while she grants their pray'r, their peace destroys.

I envy not the foremost of the great,
Not Walpole's self, directing Europe's fate;
Still let him load Ambition's thorny shrine,
Fame be his portion, and contentment mine.
But if the gods, sinister still, deny
To live in Ickworth, let me there but die;
Thy hand to close my eyes in death's long night,
Thy image to attract their latest sight:
Then to the grave attend thy poet's herse,
And love his mem'ry as you lov'd his verse.

EPISTLE X.

To the Same.

FROM HAMPTON-COURT, 1731.

By the Same.

Bono loco res humanae sunt, quod nemo, nisi vitio suo, miser est.
Seneca in Epist.

WHILST in the fortunes of the gay and great,
The glare of courts, and luxury of state;
All that the meaner covet and deplore,
The pomp of wealth, and insolence of pow'r!
Whilst in these various scenes of gilded life,
Of fraud, ambition, policy, and strife;
Where every word is dictated by art,
And every face the mask of every heart;
Whilst with such diff'rent objects entertain'd,
In all that's really felt, and all that's feign'd,
I speculate on human joys and woes,
'Till from my pen the verse spontaneous flows;
To whom these artless off'rings should I bring,
To whom these undigested numbers sing,

But to a friend?—and to what friend but You,
Safe, just, sincere, indulgent, kind, and true?
Disdain not then these trifles to attend,
Nor fear to blame, nor study to commend.
Say, where false notions erring I pursue,
And with the plausible confound the true:
Correct with all the freedom that I write;
And guide my darken'd reason with thy light.

Thee partial heaven has bless'd profusely kind,
With wit, with judgment, and a taste refin'd.
Thy fancy rich, and thy observance true,
The last still wakeful, and the first still new.
Rare blessings! and to few divided known,
But giv'n united to thyself alone.
Instruction are thy words, and lively truth,
The school of age, and the delight of youth.

When men their various discontents relate,
And tell how wretched this our mortal state;
That life is but diversify'd distress,
The lot of all, and hardly more or less;
That kings and villagers have each their share,
These pinch'd with mean, and those with splendid care;
That seeming pleasure is intrinsic woe,
And all call'd happiness, delusive show;
Food only for the snakes in Envy's breast,
Who often grudges what is ne'er possest;
Say, for thou know'st the follies of mankind,

Canst tell how obstinate, perverse, and blind;
Say, are we thus oppress'd by Nature's laws,
Or of our miseries, ourselves the cause?

Sure oft, unjustly, we impute to Fate
A thousand ills which we ourselves create;
Complain that life affords but little joy,
And yet that little foolishly destroy.
We check the pleasures that too soon subside,
And break the current of too weak a tide:
Like Atalanta, golden trifles chase,
And baulk that swiftness which might win the race;
For life has joys adapted to each stage,
Love for our youth, ambition for our age.
But wilful man inverting her decrees,
When young would govern, and when old would please,
Covets the fruits his autumn should bestow,
Nor tastes the fragranee whilst the blossoms blow.
Then far-fled joys in vain he would restore,
His appetite unanswer'd by his pow'r:
Round beauty's neck he twists his wither'd arms:
Receiv'd with loathing to her venal charms:
He rakes the ashes, when the fire is spent,
Nor gains fruition, though he gain consent.
But can we say 'tis Providence's fault,
If this untimely all her gifts are sought,
If summer-crops which must decay we keep,
And in the winter would the harvest reap?

When brutes, with what they are allow'd content,
Listen to Nature, and pursue her bent,
And still their pow'r with their ambition weigh'd,
Gain what they can, but never force a trade:
A thousand joys her happy followers prove,
Health, plenty, rest, society, and love.
To us alone, in fatal ign'rance proud,
To deviate from her dictates 'tis allow'd:
That boasted gift our reason to believe,
Or let caprice, in reason's garb, deceive.
To us the noble privilege is giv'n
Of wise refining on the will of heav'n,
Our skill we trust, but lab'ring still to gain
More than we can, lose what we might obtain.

Will the wise elephant desert the wood,
To imitate the whale and range the flood?
Or will the mole her native earth forsake,
In wanton madness to explore the lake?
Yet man, whom still ideal profit sways,
Than those less prudent, and more blind than these,
Will quit his home, and vent'rous brave the seas.
And when his rashness its desert has found,
The fool surviving, weeps the fool that's drown'd.

Herds range the fields, the feather'd kind the grove,
Choose, woo, caress, and with promiscuous love,
As taste and nature prompt, adhere, or rove;

They meet with pleasure, and with ease they part,
For beasts are only coupled by the heart.
The body still accompanies the mind,
And when this wanders, that is unconfin'd:
The love that join'd the sated pair once fled,
They change their haunts, their pasture, and their bed.
No four-legg'd idiots drag, with mutual pain,
The nat'ral cement pass'd, an artful chain:
Th' effect of passion ceases with the cause,
Clogg'd with no after-weight of forms or laws:
To no dull rules of custom they submit,
Like us they cool, but when they cool, they quit.

Nor find we in the wood, the sea, or plain,
One e'er elected o'er the rest to reign.
If any rule, 'tis force that gives the law,
What brutes are bound in voluntary awe?
Do they, like us, a pageant idol raise,
Swoln with false pride, and flatter'd by false praise?
Do they their equal, sometimes less, revere?
At once detest and serve, despise and fear?
To strength inferior do they bend the knee?
With ears and eyes of others hear and see?
Or ever vest a mortal god with pow'r
To do those wrongs they afterwards deplore?
These institutions are of man alone,
Marriage and monarchy are both our own.
Public oppression, and domestic strife,

Are ills which we ourselves annex'd to life,
God never made a husband, king, or wife.
Boast then, oh man! thy profitable gain,
To folly polish'd, civiliz'd to pain.

Here would I launch into the various field
Of all the cares our prejudices yield;
What multiply'd examples might be told,
Of pains they give, and joys that they with-hold?
When to credulity tradition preaches,
And ign'rance practises what error teaches!

Would any feather'd maiden of the wood,
Or scaly female of the peopled flood,
When lust and hunger call'd, its force resist?
In abstinence, or chastity persist?
And cry, "If heaven's intent was understood,
"These tastes were only given to be withstood?"
Or would they wisely both these gifts improve,
And eat when hungry, and when am'rous love?

Yet superstition, in religion's name,
With future punishment and present shame,
Can fright weak woman from her lover's arms,
Who weeps with mutual pain her useless charms;
Whilst she, poor wretch! consum'd in secret fires,
With pow'r to seize, foregoes what she desires,
'Till beauty fades, and inclination flies,
And the fair tree, the fruit ungather'd, dies.

But are these ills, the ills which Heav'n design'd?
Are we unfortunate, or are we blind?
If in possession of our wishes curst,
Bath'd in untasted springs we die with thirst;
If we make miseries, what were blessings meant,
And benefits convert to punishment?

When in the spring the wise industrious bees
Collect the various bloom from fragrant trees,
Extract the liquid sweet of every flow'r,
And cull the garden to enrich their store:
Should any pedant bee of all the hive,
From this or that perfume the plund'rers drive,
And say, that he by inspiration knows
The sacred, tempting, interdicting rose,
By heav'n's command, though sweetest, useless grows:
Think you the fool would ever be obey'd,
And that the lie would grow into a trade!
Ev'n Turks would answer, no:—and yet we see
The vine, that rose, and Mahomet, that bee.
To these, how many proofs I yet could add,
That man's superior sense is being mad?
That none, refining, their true int'rest view,
But for the substance, still the shade pursue.
That oft perverse, and prodigal of life,
(Our pow'r and will at everlasting strife,)
We waste the present for the future hour,
And, miser-like, by hoarding, still are poor;
Or foolishly regretful of the past,
The good which yet remains neglect to taste.

Nor need I any foreign proof to bring,
Myself an instance of the truths I sing.
Whilst in a court, repugnant to my taste,
From my lov'd friend these precious hours I waste,
Why do I vainly here thy absence mourn,
And not anticipate thy wish'd return?
Why stay my passage to those happy fields,
Where fate in thee my every pleasure yields?
Fortune allows the blessings I refuse,
And ev'n this moment, were my heart to choose,
For thee I should forsake this joyless crowd,
And not on paper think, but think aloud:
With thy lov'd converse fill the shorten'd day,
And glad my soul.—Yet here unpleas'd I stay,
And by mean, sanguine views of int'rest sway'd,
By airy hopes, to real cares betray'd;
Lament a grievance which I might redress,
And wish that happiness I might possess.

EPISTLE XI.

TO THE

LORD VISC. CORNBURY.

BY THE LATE EARL NUGENT.

WHILE you, my Lord, alas! amidst a few,
With generous warmth your country's good pursue;
While to that centre all your wishes tend,
Accept the zeal that prompts a willing friend.

Others like you heav'n's hallow'd spark inspir'd,
Whom soon the blaze of selfish passion fir'd,
Soon ruder flames extinguish'd reason's light,
While prejudices foul'd their jaundiced sight.

Such through false optics every object prove,
And try the good and bad, by hate and love.
All-powerful means each virtue to supply,
All-powerful means each virtue to deny;
To Wyndham's strength, and grace, and fire, and weight;
To Grenville parts, to save a sinking state.

Hence various judgments form the madden'd throng,
Only in this alike, they all are wrong.
Hence to false praise shall blame unjust succeed,
And cherubs fall, and gods unpity'd bleed.

Would you, my friend, not mix the purer flame,
Nor lose the patriot in a baser name;
Nor factious rage mistake for public zeal,
Nor private int'rest for the gen'ral weal?
By truth's sure test let every deed by try'd,
And justice ever be th' unerring guide.
Her rules are plain, and easy is her way,
And yet how hard to find if once we stray!
All lost alike the maze perplex'd we tread,
However prompted, whether drove or led;
Whether false honor or ambition goad,
Or sneaking av'rice wind the miry road,
Or whether sway'd by passions not our own,
And the weak fear of being right alone.
Alone in such a cause 'tis base to fear,
Though fools suspect, and knaves designing sneer.
Sneer, villains, sneer! th' avenging time is nigh,
When Balbo scourg'd shall weep the taunting lie;
When Stopus foul with each imputed crime,
Shall dread false prose repaid with honest rhyme.

'Tis not enough you scorn a private claim,
And to your country's good direct your aim.
Wrong is still wrong, however great the end,
Though all the realms were brother, father, friend;

Justice regards not these—where right prevails,
A nation is an atom in her scales.
Heaven means not all the good which man can gain,
But that which truth can earn, and right maintain.
However fair the tempting prize may be,
If guilt the price, it is not meant for thee.
Succeeding times may claim the just design,
Or other means, or other powers than thine.

Each part's connected with the gen'ral plan,
The weal of Britain with the weal of man.
Justice the scale of interest for the whole,
The same in Indies as beneath the Pole;
Sure rule by which heav'n's blessings to dispense,
Unerring light of guiding Providence.
Others may fail.—If wrongly understood,
How fatal is the thirst of public good!
No heavier curse almighty vengeance brings,
Nor plagues, nor famine, nor the lust of kings.
Fir'd by this rage, the frantic sons of Rome,
The suff'ring world to death and bondage doom;
Nations must sink to raise her cumb'rous frame,
And millions bleed to eternize her name.
But lo! her glories fade, her empire's past,
She madly conquer'd but to fall the last.

Nor would I here the patriot's views reprove,
Or damp the sacred flame of social love.
Still may that portion of th' eternal ray
Sublime our sense, and animate our clay;

Above low self exalt th' immortal frame,
And emulate that heav'n from whence it came.
Oh! would it never be confin'd to place,
But beam extensive as the human race:
Be, as it was design'd, the world's great soul,
Connect its parts, and actuate the whole.
So each should think himself a part alone,
And for a nation's welfare stake his own!
Yet farther still, though dearest to the breast,
That nation think but part of all the rest.

For this let equal justice poise the ball,
Her swaying force unites us all to all;
Of manners, worship, form, no diff'rence knows,
Condemns our friends, and saves our better foes.
Confess the heavenly power! nor need you fear
Lest Britain suffer, while you follow her.

Though prosp'rous crimes some daring villains raise,
Nor life's short date may halting vengeance seize;
A nation cannot 'scape—the destin'd rage
Pursues her ceaseless to some future age;
Speeds the sure ruin from the conqueror's hand,
Or spreads corruption o'er a pining land.

Ask hoary Time, what nation is most blest?
For sage experience shall this truth attest:
"Where freedom sleeps secure from lawless wrath,
"Where commerce shelter'd flows thro' public faith,

"Where fell ambition lights no foreign wars,
"Nor discord rages with intestine jars;
"Where justice reigns."—Immortal were that state,
If aught immortal here were giv'n by Fate.

Such, lost Iberia! were those happy reigns,
When Liberty sat brooding o'er thy plains.
The rich in plenteous peace their stores enjoy'd,
By cares unvex'd, by luxury uncloy'd.
Hope sooth'd the poor with promises of gain,
And paid with future joys their present pain;
Shew'd the full bowl amidst their sultry toil,
While those who prun'd the olive drank the oil;
By night of all the fruits of day possest,
Labour soft-clos'd the eye, and sweeten'd rest.
Such was thy state, all gay in nature's smiles!
And such is now the state of Britain's isles.
Hence o'er the ocean's waste her sail unfurl'd,
Wide wafts the tribute of a willing world.
Hence trusting nations treasure here their wealth,
Safe from tyrannic force or legal stealth:
And hence the injur'd exile doom'd to roam,
Shall find his country here and dearer home.

Still be this truth, this saving truth confest,
Britain is great, because with freedom blest;
Her prince is great, because her people free,
And power here springs from public liberty.

Hail mighty Monarch of the free and great!
Firm on the basis of a prosp'rous state.
The wealth, the strength of happy millions thine,
United rise, united shall decline.
For time will come, sad period of the brave,
When Britain's humble prince shall rule the slave;
When traffic vile shall stain the guilty throne,
And kings shall buy our ruin and their own.

But long, O long th' inglorious doom suspend!
What virtue gain'd may virtue still defend!
Thrice sacred spirit, never may you cease,
But as you blaz'd in war, shine forth in peace!
Dauntless with all the force of truth engage
The headlong tide of each corrupted age.
O ever wake around one favor'd throne,
Nor let our guardian monarch wake alone!

Though oft defeated, and though oft betray'd,
Numbers shall rise in sacred freedom's aid.
Far as her all-enlivening influence reigns,
Heroic ardor beats in gen'rous veins;
Now bids learn'd Greece barbarian might defy,
Now the soft arts of polish'd tyranny;
Now to no stock, or sect, or place confin'd,
She takes adopted sons from human kind;
While denizen'd by her eternal laws,
They all are Britons who shall serve her cause.

Lo! to the banner crowds a youthful band;
Form'd for the glorious task by nature's hand;
Wisdom unclogg'd by years, with toil unbought,
A zeal by vigor kindled, rul'd by thought.
Such gifts she to the happy few imparts,
To judging heads and to determin'd hearts;
To heads unfir'd by youth's tumultuous rage,
To hearts unnumb'd by the chill ice of age;
And while they both preserve a sep'rate claim,
Their passions reason, and their reasons flame.

Proceed, brave youths! Let others court renown
In hostile fields, be yours the olive crown:
And trust to fame, those heroes brighter shone
Who sav'd a nation, than who nations won.
Nor let assuming age restrain your flight,
Fearful to tempt the yet unpractis'd height;
Deceitful counsel lurks in hoary hairs,
And the last dregs of life are sordid cares.

Objects are clear proportion'd in degree,
To gen'ral use, or strong necessity.
Nor are two things so plainly understood,
As the worst evil, and the greatest good;
If, resou'd from the misty breath of schools,
Men will but feel without the help of rules.
So unbewilder'd in the crooked maze,
Where guilt low sculks, and reptile cunning strays,
A nation's interest, and a people's rights,
Distinctly shine in nature's simple lights,

And claim in him who fairly acts his part,
Before a Lonsdale's head, a Lonsdale's heart.
But chief when snatch'd by heaven's preserving
hand,
From the fell contest of each hostile land,
A happy island to th' incircling main
Trusts for a sure support and honest gain.

The just are heaven's, earth is for heaven ordain'd,
Form'd by its laws, and by its laws maintain'd.
These one true int'rest, one great system frame,
Political and moral are the same.
Guilt toils for gain at honor's vast expence,
Heaven throws the trifle in to innocence;
And fixes happiness in hell's despite,
The necessary consequence of right.

Proceed, ye Deists! blindfold rage employ,
And prove the sacred truths you would destroy.
Prove Christian faith the wisest scheme to bind,
In chains of cordial love, our jarring kind;
And thence conclude it human, if you can,
The perfect produce of imperfect man!
While prostrate we adore that Power Divine,
Whose simple rule connects each great design;
Bids social earth a type of heaven appear,
Where justice tastes those joys which wait her there

But though self-int'rest follow virtue's train!
Yet selfish think not virtue's end is gain!

Older than time, ere int'rest had a name,
Justice existed, and is still the same;
Alike the creature's and Creator's guide,
His rule to form, the law by which we're ty'd:
In reason's light, eternal word, exprest,
Stamp'd with his image in the creature's breast.

Thus speaks the Sage, who skill'd in nature's laws,
Deep from effects high-trac'd th' all-ruling cause.
" Before creation was, th' Almighty Mind
" In time's abyss the future world design'd;
" Did the great system in its parts survey,
" And fit the springs, and regulate their play;
" In meet gradations plann'd th' harmonious round,
" These links by which depending parts are bound.
" All these he knew, ere yet the things he made,
" In types which well the mimic world display'd.
" The types are real, since from them he drew
" The real forms of whatsoe'er we view.
" Made to their 'semblance, heav'n and earth exist,
" But they unmade eternally subsist.
" For if created, we must sure suppose
" Some other types whence their resemblance flows;
" While these on others equally depend,
" Nor ever shall the long progression end.
" God ere it was, the future being saw,
" Or blindfold made his world, and gave his law.
" But chance could never frame the vast design,
" Where countless parts in justest order join.

"The types eternal just proportions teach,
"Greater or less, more or less perfect each.
"These ever present Power omniscient sees,
"On them he forms his ever-made decrees:
"Nor can he better love what merits least,
"Man than an angel, or than man a beast.
"Hence Reason, hence immortal Order springs,
"Knowledge and Love adapted to the things.
"And thence th' unerring rule of justice flows,
"To act what Order prompts, and Reason shows.

"When man in nature's purity remain'd,
"By pain untroubled, and by sin unstain'd;
"Fair image of the God, and close conjoin'd,
"By innate union with the heav'nly mind;
"In the pure splendor of substantial light,
"The beam divine of Reason bless'd his sight;
"Seraphic order in its fount he view'd,
"Seeing he lov'd, and loving he pursu'd;
"Nor dar'd the body, passive slave, controul
"The sov'reign mandates of the ruling soul.
"But soon by sin the sacred union broke,
"Man bows to earth beneath the heavy yoke.
"The darkling soul scarce feels a glimm'ring ray,
"Shrouded in sense from her immortal day.
"Vengeance divine offended Order arms,
"And clothes in terrors her celestial charms.
"Now grosser objects heav'n-born souls possess,
"Passions enslave, and servile cares oppress.

Fraud, rapine, murder, guilt's long horrid train,
Distracted nature's anarchy maintain.
No more pure Reason earthly minds can move,
No more can Order's charms persuasive prove.
But as the moon reflecting borrow'd day,
Sheds on our shadow'd world a feeble ray;
Some scatter'd beams of Reason law contains,
While Order's rule must be enforc'd by pains.
Hence death's black scroll, dire tortures hence are giv'n;
Hence kings, the necessary curse of heav'n.
And just the doom of an avenging God,
Who spurn'd his sceptre, feel the tyrant's rod.
Blind by our fears we meet the ills we fly,
In rule oppression, want in property."

So spoke the Sage, and if not learn'd in vain,
Spotless truth in sacred books remain;
Early the child hath paid the parent's pride,
And ill hath Law the heavenly rule supply'd.
Thus boasts some leech with unavailing art,
To mend the tainted lungs and wasting heart;
As the loose springs with wonted vigor play,
And sprightly juices warm in cold decay.

Or would imperious reason deign to own,
The world not made for sovereign man alone;
Some things there are for human use design'd,
And these in common dealt to human kind.

To mortal wants is given a power to use,
What to th' immortal part just heav'n might well re-
fuse.
This faithful instinct in each breast implants,
All know their rights, for all must feel their wants.

But soon began the rage of wild desire
To thirst for more than use could e'er require.
Ere stung by luxury's unsated call,
And ere ambition madly grasp'd the ball,
Vain restless man in busy search employ'd,
Saw somewhat still beyond the bliss enjoy'd,
Press'd eager on; the lowly and the great,
Alike their wish beyond their destin'd state;
Alike condemn'd, whatever Fortune grant,
To real poorness in phantastic want.

And now some sages high by others deem'd,
For virtue honor'd, and for parts esteem'd;
Call'd forth to judge where dubious claims are try'd,
Convince with reason, and with counsel guide;
Fix'd rules devise to sway th' assenting throng,
And marks distinct impress on right and wrong.

The simple precept subtle wiles evade,
And statutes as our crimes increas'd were made:
These were at first unwritten, plain and few,
'Till swell'd by time the law's vast volume grew;
And grown with these, to sway th' unwieldy trust,

sands we chose to keep the millions just,
plac'd o'er others, others plac'd o'er these,
government grew up by slow degrees;
r the pile arose, and still more high,
lo! the summit ends in monarchy.
plac'd, a man in gorgeous pomp appears,
ar o'er earth his tow'ring aspect rears;
prostrate crowds his sacred smiles implore,
what their crimes had form'd, their fears adore.
rom beneath they lift their servile eyes,
ee the proud Colossus touch the skies.

t some mountain's foot have children gaz'd,
close to heaven they view the summit rais'd,
they mount new regions to explore,
eav'n is now as distant as before.
views the crowd a throne, while those who rise
not a nearer kindred to the skies;
is their parent, thither kings should bend,
hence they rise, and not from heaven descend.
, had all the royal sons of earth
sprung, nor guilt had claim'd the monstrous birth.
e from the sire descending through the line,
e and fraud confer a right divine.

mortal gods, how vainly are ye proud?
your title, servants to the crowd;

If wide your sway, if large your treasur'd store,
These but increase your servitude the more;
A part is only yours, the rest is theirs,
And nothing all your own, except your cares.
Shall man, by nature free, by nature made
To share the feast her bounteous hand display'd,
Transfer these rights? as well he may dispense
The beam of reason, or the nerve of sense;
With all his strength the monarch's limbs invest,
Or pour his valor in the royal breast.

Take the starv'd peasant's taste, devouring lord!
Ere you deprive him of the genial board.
And if you would his liberty control,
Assume the various actings of his soul!
So shall one man a people's powers enjoy,
Thus Indians deem of wretches they destroy.
Thus in old tales the fabled monster stands,
Proud of a thousand eyes, a thousand hands.
Thus dreams the sophist, who with subtle art
Would prove the whole included in a part,
A people in their king; and from the throng,
Transfer to him their rights in nature's wrong;
Those sacred rights in nature's charter plain,
By wants that claim them, and by powers that gain.

Though sophists err, yet stand confess'd thy claim,
And be the king and multitude the same,
Whose deeds benevolent his title prove,

And royal selfishness, in public love:
Nor, draining wasted realms for sordid pelf,
O scepter'd suicide! destroy thyself.

Where fails this proof, in vain would we unite
The ruler's int'rest with the people's right.
Frantic ambition has her sep'rate claim,
The dropsy'd thirst of empire, wealth, or fame;
Pride's boundless hope, valour's enthusiast rant,
With the long nameless train of fancy'd want.
Urg'd on by these, all view the magic prize,
The prospect widening as they higher rise;
From him who seeks a limited command,
To him whose wish devours air, sea, and land.
Like all foes to freedom's holy cause,
Or freedom ties unbounded will with laws;
Like all foes to every public gain.
Or public blessings loose the bond-man's chain.

Ill-fated slaves of arbitrary sway!
Where trusted power seduces to betray;
Makes private failings rage a gen'ral pest,
And taints even virtue in the social breast;
Ads friendship plunder, charity undo
The blameless MANY for the favor'd FEW.
Till guilt high rear'd on crimes protecting crime,
Fills the heap'd measure of predestin'd time.

Far others, ye, O wealthy, wise, and brave!
Though subject, free; more freedom would enslave.

Bless'd with a rule by long experience try'd,
Unwarp'd by faction's rage, or kingly pride;
Bless'd with the means, whene'er this rule sh
bend,
Again to trace it to its glorious end;
And bless'd with proofs, the proofs are seal'd wi
blood,
Whate'er the form, the end is public good.

But yet admit the sire his right foregoes!
Can he his children's sep'rate claim dispose?
Whate'er the parent gave, whate'er he give,
They who have right to life, have right to live.
And spite of man's consent, or man's decree,
A right to life, is right to liberty.

Though for convenience fram'd the laws sho
shine,
Pure emanation from the source divine;
Such as can pierce the gloom of pagan night,
And untaught savages in woods enlight;
Such as on scaffolds can the guiltless save,
And torture on his throne the scepter'd slave;
Such as th' offending wretch reluctant owns,
And hails its beauty with his dying groans:
In such fair laws the will of heav'n impress'd,
Shines to all eyes, and rules the conscious breast.
Though tortures cease, though night's thick-mant
veil
From mortal ken the secret deed conceal;

ason and conscience shall awake within,
d light the shade, and loud proclaim the sin.

' But should the universal voice combine,
To clothe injustice in a robe divine?"
: the same breath divest the day of light,
blazon forth the dusky face of night.
en shall the laws of sainted evil bind,
d human will subvert th' all-ruling mind;
at sacred fount whence lawful rule must spring,
d diff'rent from the robber marks the king.

Yet vainly would despotic will conclude,
at force may sway the erring multitude,
tice, 'tis own'd, should ever guide the free,
pow'r of wrong, in all, is liberty;
d for whatever purposes restrain'd,
ation is enslav'd that may be chain'd.
ven gives to all a liberty of choice,
eople's good requires a people's voice;
n's surest guide, where diff'rent views agree,
m private hate and private int'rest free.
al their change from such who rashly fly,
the hard grasp of guiding tyranny;
n shall they find, when will is arm'd with might,
istice wield the sword, though drawn for right.

lind to these truths who fond of boundless sway,
s trembling slaves implicitly obey;

Though by a long descent from Adam down
Through scepter'd heirs, he boasts his ancient crown,
Great nature's rebel forfeits every claim,
And loads the tyrant with th' usurper's name:
While with each lawless act of proud command,
He stands proscrib'd by his own guilty hand.

Bow, Filmer, bow! to hell's tremendous throne,
And bid thy fellow-damn'd suppress each groan!
There sits a king whom pow'r divine hath giv'n,
Nor earth boasts one so surely sent from heav'n.
And thou, blest Martyr in fair freedom's cause,
Thou great assertor of thy country's laws;
Vainly oppression stopp'd thy potent breath;
Truth shone more powerful through the veil of death;
Example mov'd whom precept could not save,
And lifted axes wak'd each drowsy slave.

Yet magistrates must rule, they're useful things,
Our guilt the vengeance, and avenger brings.
Whate'er more perfect heav'n might first create,
A state well govern'd, now, is nature's state;
For law from reason springs, spontaneous fruit,
And reason sure is man's first attribute.
Let visionary schoolmen toil in vain,
Who seek in anarchy for nature's reign;
Wretched alike the slaves of lawless will,
Whether the savage, or the tyrant kill;

ust alike all rule, where public choice
aks not through laws a willing people's voice.
freedom suffers when the guilty fall,
nature's doom, 'tis self-defence in all.

ich now is man deprav'd, that fear must sway
tread the paths where duty points the way;
wretch must suffer to forewarn the rest,
some must fall to stop the spreading pest.
e the gen'ral welfare can demand
bleeding victim from th' unwilling hand.

ence public pains—what to the crime is due,
dge supreme! must be reserv'd for you.
ou alone, whose all-pervading eye
in the breast can latent thought espy;
every action by the known intent,
to each crime adapt its punishment;
le men, misled by erring lights, dispense
doom of guilt to injur'd innocence;
ough repentance cleanse the moral stain,
t on crimes aton'd avenging pain.
blameless they who act sincere their part,
tless he errs who cannot read the heart.

t such fierce flames the mad enthusiast's zeal,
rrors harmless to the gen ral weal,
ther false notions wander far from truth,
ge retain the trace impress'd in youth.

While int'rest prompts the holy murd'rer's hand,
In sacred fires to light th' unhallow'd brand;
To draw destruction from heaven's saving page,
And bid sweet mercy breathe relentless rage.

Accurs'd all such! and he with joy elate,
Whose baleful breath embitters certain fate;
Who on th' imploring face malignant smiles,
And sentenc'd wretches wantonly reviles.
Better, far better in the savage den,
Let the robb'd lion judge o'er prostrate men:
Better let pow'r the lawless faulchion draw,
Than coward cruelty disgrace the law.

This well you know, O YORKE! whose righteous seat
Gives to the innocent a sure retreat;
Severely just, and piously humane,
The wretch you punish, while you share his pain.
Tears with the dreadful words of sentence flow,
Nor does the rigid judge the man forego.

So feels the breast humane, ye truly brave!
And such is thine, my friend, intent to save!
Whether thy bounty pining want relieve,
Or lenient pity sooth the hearts that grieve;
Whether thy pious hand due bounds prescribe
To little tyrants, o'er the lesser tribe;

:ther nobler warmth expand thy soul,
ıge leviathan unaw'd controul.

Britain only claims thy gen'rous plan,
ıle is justice, and thy care is man.
ay this truth thy fair example prove,
shall fan the flame of social love.

EPISTLE XII.

By the Same.

THROUGH the wild maze of life's still varying plan,
Bliss is alone th' important task of man.
All else is trifling, whether grave or gay,
A Newton's labors, or an infant's play;
Whether this vainly wastes th' unheeded sun,
Or those more vainly mark the course it run;
For of the two, sure smaller is the fault,
To err unthinking, than to err with thought;
But if, like them, we still must trifles use,
Harmless at least, like theirs, be those we choose.
Enough it is that reason blames the choice,
Join not to her's the wretch's plaintive voice;
Be folly free from guilt: let foplings play,
Or write, or talk, or dress, or die away.
Let those, if such there be, whose giant-mind
Superior tow'rs above their pigmy kind,
Unaided and alone, he realms explore,
Where hail and snow renew their treasur'd store.
Lo! heav'n spreads all its stars; let those explain,
What balanc'd pow'rs the rolling orbs sustain;

Nor in more humble scales, pernicious weigh
Sense, justice, truth, against seducing pay.
So distant regions shall employ their thought,
And spotless senates here remain unbought.

Well had great Charles, by early want inspir'd,
With warring puppets, guiltless praise acquir'd;
So would that flame have mimic fights engag'd,
Which fann'd by pow'r, o'er wasted nations rag'd.

Curs'd be the wretch, should all the mouths of fame,
Wide o'er the world his deathless deeds proclaim,
Who like a baneful comet spreads his blaze,
While trembling crowds in stupid wonder gaze;
Whose potent talents serve his lawless will,
Which turns each Virtue to a public ill,
With direful rage perverted might employs,
And Heav'n's great ends with Heav'n's best means destroys.
The praise of power is his, whose hand supplies
Fire to the bold, and prudence to the wise;
While man this only real merit knows,
Fitly to use the gifts which Heav'n bestows:
If savage valor be his vaunted fame,
The mountain-lion shall dispute his claim:
Or, if perfidious wiles deserve applause,
Through slighted vows, and violated laws;
The subtle plotter's title stands confess'd,
Whose dagger gores the trusting tyrant's breast.

And sure the villain less deserves his fate,
Who stabs one wretch, than he who stabs a state.
Now, mighty hero! boast thy dear delights,
The price of toilsome days and sleepless nights;
Say, canst thou aught in purple grandeur find,
Sweet as the slumbers of the lowly hind?

Better are ye, the youthful and the gay,
Who jocund rove through pleasure's flow'ry way!
Yet seek not there for bliss! your toil were vain,
(And disappointed toil is double pain)
Though from the living fount your nectar-bowls
Pour the soft balm upon your thirsty souls;
Though pure the spring, though every draught sincere,
By pain unbitter'd, and unpall'd by fear;
Though all were full as high as thought can soar,
'Till fancy fires, and wishes crave no more:
Let lovely woman artless charms display,
Where truth and goodness bask in beauty's ray;
Let heav'nly melody luxuriant float
In swelling sounds, and breathe the melting note;
Let gen'rous wines enliv'ning thoughts inspire,
While social converse sooths the genial fire:
If aught can yet more potent charms dispense,
Some stronger rapture, some sublimer sense;
Be these enjoy'd.—Then from the crowd arise
Some chief, in life's full pride maturely wise.
Ev'n you, my Lord, with titles, honors grac'd,
And higher still by native merit plac'd;

y stinted talents to no sphere confin'd,
ree ranging every province of the mind:
qually fit, a nation's weight to bear,
r shine in circles of the young and fair;
grave debates instructed senates move,
r melt the glowing dame to mutual love.
o heighten these, let conscious worth infuse
reet ease, and smiling mirth th' inspiring Muse.
hen answer, thou of every gift possess'd,
y, from thy soul, art thou sincerely blest!
o various objects wherefore dost thou range?
easure must cease, ere man can wish to change.
ist thou not quitted Flaccus' sacred lay,
o talk with Bavius, or with Flavia play;
hen wasted nature shuns the large expence
deep attention to exalted sense!
ecarious bliss! which soon, which oft must cloy,
nd which how few, how very few enjoy!

Say, is there aught, on which, completely blest,
arless and full the raptur'd mind may rest?
there aught constant? Or, if such there be,
an varying man be pleas'd with constancy?
ark then what sense the blessing must employ!
he senses change, and loathe accustom'd joy;
len in vain immortal sweets displays,
the taste sickens, or our frame decays.

The range of life contracted limits bound;
et more confin'd is pleasure's faithless round:

Fair op'ning to the sight, when first we run,
But ah! how alter'd, when again begun!
When tir'd we view the same known prospect o'er,
And lagging, tread the steps we trod before.
Now clogg'd with spleen, the lazy current flows,
Through doubts, and fears, and self-augmenting woes;
'Till sated, loathing, hopeless here of bliss,
Some plunge to seek it into death's abyss.

Of all superfluous wealth's unnumber'd stings,
The sharpest is that knowledge which it brings;
Enjoyment purchas'd makes its object known,
And then, alas! each soft illusion's flown:
Love's promis'd sweet, ambition's lofty scheme,
The painter's image, and the poet's theme.

These in perspective fair exalted high,
Attract with seeming charms the distant eye;
But when by envious Fortune plac'd too near,
Mis-shapen forms, and grosser tints appear:
Where lovely Venus led her beauteous train,
Some fiend gigantic holds her monstrous reign;
Crowns, scepters, laurels are confus'dly strow'd,
A wild, deform'd, unmeaning, heavy load.

Some pleasures here with sparing hand are giv'n,
That sons of earth should taste their promis'd heaven;
But what was meant to urge us to the chace,
Now stops, or sideway turns our devious race:

Though still, to make the destin'd course more plain,
Thick are our erring paths beset with pain;
Nor has one object equal charms to prove
The fitting centre of our restless love.
And when the great Creator's will had join'd,
Unequal pair b, the body and the mind,
Lest the proud spirit should neglect her clay,
He bad corporeal objects thought convey;
Each strong sensation to the soul impart,
Ecstatic transport or afflicting smart:
By that entic'd, the useful she enjoys;
By this deterr'd, she flies whate'er destroys:
Hence from the dagger's point sharp anguish flows,
And the soft couch is spread with sweet repose.

In something frail, though gen'ral this design,
'or some exceptions every rule confine:
'et few were they, while nature's genuine store;
upply'd our wants, nor man yet sought for more;
're diff'rent mixtures left no form the same,
And vicious habits chang'd our sickly frame.
low subtle art may gild the venom'd pill,
And bait with soothing sweets destructive ill.

To narrow self heav'n's impulse unconfin'd
Diffusive reigns, and takes in all our kind.
'he smile of joy reflected joy imparts;
'he wretch's groans pierce sympathizing hearts.
'et not alike are all conjoin'd with all,
or throng with rival heat to nature's call:

By varying instinct different ties are known,
While love superior points to each his own;
Those next the reach of our assisting hands,
And those to whom we're link'd by kindred band:
Those who most want, and best deserve our care,
In warmer streams the sacred influence share:
Ambrosial sweets her infant's lip distils,
While through the mother's heart quick rapt
thrills.
The social fires friend, servant, neighbour claim,
Which blaze collected in the patriot's flame:
Hence Britain throbs superior in thy soul,
Nor idly wak'st thou for the distant pole.

Yet farther still the saving instinct moves,
And to the future wide extends our loves;
Glows in our bosom for an unborn race,
And warms us mutual to the kind embrace.
For this, to man was giv'n the graceful air;
For this, was woman form'd divinely fair.

But now to pleasure sensual views confin'd,
Reach not the use, for which it was design'd:
To this one point our hopes, our wishes tend,
And thus mistake the motive for the end.
Whate'er sensations from enjoyment flow,
Our erring thought to matter's force would owe;
To that ascribe our pleasures and our pains,
And blindly for the cause mistake the means;
In od'rous meads the vernal gale we praise,

Or dread the storm, that blows the wintry seas;
While he's unheeded, who alone can move,
Claims all our fears, and merits all our love;
Alone to souls can sense and thought convey,
Through the dark mansions of surrounding clay.

Man, part from heav'n, and part from humble earth,
A motley substance, takes his various birth;
Close link'd to both, he hangs in diff'rent chains,
The pliant fetter length'ning as he strains.
If, bravely conscious of her native fires,
To the bold height his nobler frame aspires;
Near as she soars to join th' approaching skies,
Our earth still lessens to her distant eyes.
But if o'erpois'd she sinks, her downward course
Each moment weighs, with still augmenting force
Low and more low, the burthen'd spirit bends,
While weaker still each heav'nly link extends;
Till prostrate, grov'ling, fetter'd to the ground,
He lies in matter's heap o'erwhelm'd and bound.
Trapt in the toils of sin, just heav'n employs
That caus'd her guilt, to blast her lawless joys:
Love, potent guardian of our length'ning race,
Unnerves the feeble lecher's cold embrace;
And appetite, by nature giv'n to save,
Sinks the gorg'd glutton in his early grave.

What sends yon fleet o'er boist'rous seas to roll,
Beneath the burning line, and frozen pole?

Why ravage men the hills, the plains, the woods?
Why spoil all nature, earth, and air, and floods?
Seek they some prize to help a sinking state?
No!—this must all be done ere Bernard eat.
Tell it some untaught savage! with surprize
He asks, "How vast must be that giant's size!
"How great his pow'r, who thousands can employ!
"How great his force, who millions can destroy!"
But if the savage would, more curious, know
What potent virtues from such viands flow,
What blest effects they cause—consult with Sloane,
Let him explain the colic, gout, and stone!

Pleasure 's for use; it differs in degree,
Proportion'd to the thing's necessity.
Hence various objects variously excite,
And diff'rent is the date of each delight;
But when th' allotted end we once attain,
Each step beyond it, is a step to pain.
Nor let us murmur—Hath not earth a store
For every want? it was not meant for more.

Blest is the man, as far as earth can bless,
Whose measur'd passions reach no wild excess;
Who, urg'd by nature's voice, her gifts enjoys,
Nor other means, than nature's force, employs.
While warm with youth the sprightly current flows,
Each vivid sense with vig'rous rapture glows;
And when he droops beneath the hand of age,
No vicious habit stings with fruitless rage;

Gradual, his strength, and gay sensations cease,
While joys tumultuous sink in silent peace.

Far other is his lot, who not content
With what the bounteous care of nature meant,
With labour'd skill would all her joys dilate,
Sublime their sense, and lengthen out their date:
Add, blend, compose, each various mixture try,
And wind up appetite to luxury.
Thus guilty art unknown desires implants,
And viler arts must satisfy their wants;
When to corruption by himself betray'd,
Gold blinds the slave, whom luxury has made.

The hand that form'd us, must some use intend,
It gives us pow'rs proportion'd to that end;
And happiness may justly be defin'd,
A full attainment of the end design'd.
Virtue and wisdom this alike implies,
And blest must be the virtuous and the wise,

Bliss is ordain'd for all, since Heav'n intends
All beings should attain their destin'd ends:
For this the fair idea shines confess'd
To every mind, and glows in every breast.
Compar'd with this, all mortal joys are vain;
Inspir'd by this, we restless onward strain.
High though we mount, the object mounts more high,
Eludes our grasp, and mingles with the sky.

With nothing less th' aspiring soul's content,
For nothing less her gen'rous flame was meant;
Th' unerring rule, which all our steps should guide
The certain test, by which true good is try'd.
Blest when we reach it, wretched while we miss,
Our joys, our sorrows prove, there must be bliss.
Nor can this be some visionary dream,
Where heated fancy forms the flatt'ring scheme.
There sure is bliss—else, why by all desir'd?
What guileful pow'r has the mad search inspir'd?
Could accident produce in all the same,
Or a vain shadow raise a real flame?
When nature in the world's distended space,
Or fill'd, or almost fill'd each smaller place;
Careful in meanest matter to produce
Each single motion for some certain use;
Hard was the lot of her first fav'rite, man,
Faulty the scheme of his contracted span,
If that alone must know an useless void,
And he feel longings ne'er to be enjoy'd.

That only can produce consummate joy,
Which equals all the pow'rs it would employ;
Such fitting object to each talent giv'n,
Earth cannot fit what was design'd for heav'n.
Why then is man with gifts sublimest fraught,
And active will, and comprehensive thought?
For what is all this waste of mental force?
What! for a house, a coach, a dog, a horse?

Has nature's Lord inverted nature's plan?
Is man now made for what was made for man?

There must be pleasures past the reach of sense,
Some nobler source must happiness dispense:
Reason, arise! and vindicate thy claim,
Flash on our minds the joy-infusing flame;
Pour forth the fount of light, whose endless store
Thought drinks insatiate, while it thirsts for more.
And thou, seraphic flame! who could'st inspire
The prophet's voice, and wrap his soul in fire;
Ray of th' eternal beam! who canst pervade
The distant past, and future's gloomy shade:
While trembling reason tempts heav'n's dazzling height,
Sublime her force, and guide her dubious flight;
Strengthen'd by thee, she bears the streaming blaze,
And drinks new light from truth's immortal rays.
Great, only evidence of things divine!
By thee reveal'd, the mystic wonders shine!
What puzzled sophists vainly would explore,
What humbled pride in silence must adore,
What plainly mark'd in heav'n's deliver'd page,
Makes the taught hind more wise than Greece's sage.
Yet reason proves thee in her low degree,
And owns thy truths, from their necessity.

Conspicuous now is happiness display'd,
Possessing Him for whom alone we're made.

For He alone all human bliss compleats,
To him alone th' expanding bosom beats;
Who fills each faculty, each pow'r can move,
Exerts all thought, and deep absorbs all love;
Whose ceaseless being years would tell in vain,
Whose attributes immense all bounds disdain.
No sickly taste the heav'nly rapture cloys,
Nor wearied senses sink in whelming joys;
While, rais'd above low matter's grosser frame,
Pure spirit blazes in His purer flame.
Such are th' immortal blessings that attend
The just and good, the patriot and the friend.
Nor such alone in distant prospect cheer,
They taste heav'n's joys anticipated here.
These in the smiling cups of pleasure flow,
Or, mingling, sooth the bitter stream of woe;
These pay the loss of honors, and of place,
And teach that guilt alone is true disgrace;
These with the glorious exile cheerful rove,
And, far from courts, fresh bloom in Curio's grove.

Long may such bliss, by such enjoy'd, attest,
The greatly virtuous are the greatly blest!
Enough there are amidst yon gorgeous train,
Who, wretched, prove all other joys are vain.

So shines the truth these humble lines unfold,
"Fair virtue ever is unwisely sold."
Too mean a price sublimest fortune brings,

Too mean the wealth, the smiles, the crowns of kings:
'or rais'd o'er these, she makes our bliss secure,
The present pleasing, and the future sure.
While prosp'rous guilt a sad reverse appears,
And in the tasteless now, the future fears.

EPISTLE XIII.

TO

MR. POPE.

By the Same.

HEAVEN in the human breast implants
Fit appetites for all our wants;
With hunger prompts to strength'ning food,
With love of praise to public good;
These to their objects strait convey,
While reason winds her tardy way.

Yet in one centre should unite,
Faith, instinct, reason, appetite;
One perfect plan ordain'd to trace,
And nature dignify with grace;
In one great system meant to roll,
To move, support, and guide the whole.

But some there are who rigid blame
The mind that thirsts for righteous fame;

And with weak lights presumptuous scan
The springs which move predestin'd man.
And some there are, (accurs'd their art!)
Though all the Nine their charms impart,
Who in false forms of great and just,
Clothe av'rice, treachery, rage and lust:
As if superior beings suit
Those attributes which sink the brute.
But vainly chime the partial lays,
Chaste Fame rejects all spurious praise.
She, fairest offspring of the skies,
The goddess of the brave and wise,
Whose sacred impulse prompts the best
To succour and preserve the rest,
Is deaf to every private call,
And wakes but at the voice of all.

From heaps of ill-collected gain,
From hecatombs by heroes slain,
From courts, where guilty greatness dwells,
She flies to penury and cells;
With Erskine, pious exile, goes,
To sooth a drooping father's woes;
Or mingling with the orphan-train,
She sings the bounties of Germain.
Nor pow'r, nor policy of state,
Can ever give intrinsic weight:
And should fallacious art display
O'er titled dross a golden ray,

Still baser through detecting years,
The speckled counterfeit appears.

But when from proof, fair issuing forth,
The ore asserts its native worth;
Then, sov'reign Bard, 'tis justly thine
To stamp the well-attested coin;
And consecrated with thy name,
To treasure in the stores of Fame.

EPISTLE XIV.

TO A LADY.

By the Same.

CLARINDA, dearly lov'd, attend
The counsels of a faithful friend;
Who with the warmest wishes fraught,
Feels all, at least, that friendship ought.
But since by ruling Heav'n's design,
Another's fate shall influence thine;
O! may these lines for him prepare
A bliss, which I would die to share!

Man may for wealth or glory roam,
But woman must be blest at home;
To this should all her studies tend,
This her great object and her end.
Distaste unmingled pleasures bring,
And use can blunt affliction's sting;
Hence perfect bliss no mortals know,
And few are plung'd in utter woe;
While nature arm'd against despair,
Gives pow'r to mend, or strength to bear;

And half the thought content may gain,
Which spleen employs to purchase pain.

Trace not the fair domestic plan,
From what you would, but what you can!
Nor, peevish, spurn the scanty store,
Because you think you merit more!
Bliss ever differs in degree,
Thy share alone is meant for thee;
And thou should'st think, however small,
That share enough, for 'tis thy all:
Vain scorn will aggravate distress,
And only make that little less.

Admit whatever trifles come,
Units compose the largest sum:
O! tell them o'er, and say how vain
Are those which form ambition's train:
Which swell the monarch's gorgeous state,
And bribe to ill the guilty Great!
But thou more blest, more wise than these,
Shalt build up happiness on ease.

Hail sweet Content! where joy serene
Gilds the mild soul's unruffled scene;
And with blith fancy's pencil wrought,
Spreads the white web of flowing thought;
Shines lovely in the cheerful face,
And clothes each charm with native grace;

Effusion pure of bliss sincere,
A vestment for a god to wear.

Far other ornaments compose
The garb that shrouds dissembled woes,
Piec'd out with motley dies and sorts,
Freaks, whimsies, festivals, and sports;
The troubled mind's fantastic dress,
Which madness titles happiness;
While the gay wretch to revel bears
The pale remains of sighs and tears:
And seeks in crowds, like her undone,
What only can be found in one.

But, chief, my gentle friend! remove
Far from thy couch seducing love!
O! shun the false magician's art,
Nor trust thy yet unguarded heart!
Charm'd by his spells fair honor flies,
And thousand treach'rous phantoms rise,
Where guilt in beauty's ray beguiles,
And ruin lurks in friendship's smiles.
Lo! where th' enchanted captive dreams
Of warbling groves and purling streams;
Of painted meads, of flowers that shed
Their odors round her fragrant bed.
Quick shifts the scene, the charm is lost,
She wakes upon a desert coast!
No friendly hand to lend its aid,
No guardian bow'r to spread its shade;

Expos'd to every chilling blast,
She treads th' inhospitable waste;
And down the drear decline of life,
Sinks a forlorn, dishonor'd wife.

Neglect not thou the voice of Fame,
But clear from crime, be free from blame!
Though all were innocence within,
'Tis guilt to wear the garb of sin.
Virtue rejects the foul disguise:
None merit praise who praise despise.

Slight not, in supercilious strain,
Long practis'd modes, as low or vain!
The world will vindicate their cause,
And claim blind faith in custom's laws.
Safer with multitudes to stray,
Than tread alone a fairer way;
To mingle with the erring throng,
Than boldly speak ten millions wrong.

Beware of the relentless train,
Who forms adore, whom forms maintain!
Lest prudes demure, or coxcombs loud,
Accuse thee to the partial crowd;
Foes who the laws of honor slight,
A judge who measures guilt by spite.

Behold the sage Aurelia stand,
Disgrace and fame at her command!

As if heaven's delegate design'd,
Sole arbiter of all her kind.
Whether she try some favor'd piece,
By rules devis'd in ancient Greece;
Or whether modern in her flight,
She tell what Paris thinks polite.
For much her talents to advance,
She study'd Greece, and travell'd France.
There learn'd the happy art to please,
With all the charms of labor'd ease;
Through looks and nods with meaning fraught,
To teach what she was never taught.

By her each latent spring is seen,
The workings foul of secret spleen;
The guilt that sculks in fair pretence,
Or folly veil'd in specious sense.
And much her righteous spirit grieves,
When worthlessness the world deceives;
Whether the erring crowd commends
Some patriot sway'd by private ends;
Or husband trust a faithless wife,
Secure in ignorance from strife.
Averse she brings their deeds to view,
But justice claims the rig'rous due;
Humanely anxious to produce
At least some possible excuse.
O ne'er may virtue's dire disgrace
Prepare a triumph for the base!

Mere forms the fool implicit sway,
Which witlings with contempt survey,
Blind folly no defect can see,
Half wisdom views but one degree;
The wise remoter uses reach,
Which judgment and experience teach.

Whoever would be pleas'd, and please,
Must do what others do with ease.
Great precept undefin'd by rule,
And only learn'd in custom's school;
To no peculiar form confin'd,
It spreads through all the human kind;
Beauty and wit and worth supplies,
Yet graceful in the good and wise.
Rich was this gift and none beside,
In fashion's stream how many glide?
Secure from every mental woe,
From treach'rous friend or open foe;
From social sympathy that shares
The public loss or private cares;
Whether the barb'rous foe invade,
Or merit pine in fortune's shade.

Hence gentle Anna ever gay,
The same to-morrow as to-day.
Save where perchance, when others weep,
Her cheek the decent sorrow steep;
Save when perhaps a melting tale,

O'er every tender breast prevail.
The good, the bad, the great, the small,
She likes, she loves, she honors all.
And yet if sland'rous malice blame,
Patient she yields a sister's fame.
Alike if satire or if praise,
She says whate'er the circle says:
Implicit does whate'er we do,
Without one point or wish in view,
Sure test of others, faithful glass
Through which the various phantoms pass,
Wide blank, unfeeling when alone,
No care, no joy, no thought her own.

Not thus succeeds the peerless dame,
Who looks, and talks, and acts for fame;
Intent, so wide her cares extend,
To make the universe her friend.
Now with the gay in frolic shines,
Now reasons deep with deep divines.
With courtiers now extols the great,
With patriots sighs o'er Britain's fate.
Now breathes with zealots holy fires,
Now melts in less refin'd desires.
Doom'd to exceed in each degree,
Too wise, too weak, too proud, too free,
Too various for one single word,
The high sublime of deep absurd.
While every talent nature grants,
Just serves to shew how much she wants.

Although in -- -- -- combine
The virtues of our sex and thine:
Her hand restrains the widow's tears,
Her sense informs, and sooths and cheers;
Yet like an angel in disguise,
She shines but to some favor'd eyes;
Nor is the distant herd allow'd
To view the radiance through the cloud.

But thine is every winning art,
Thine is the friendly honest heart:
And should the gen'rous spirit flow,
Beyond where prudence fears to go;
Such sallies are of nobler kind,
Than virtues of a narrow mind:

EPISTLE XV.

TO A

YOUNG LADY

OF THIRTEEN.

BY WILLIAM MELMOTH, ESQ.

WHILE yet no amorous youths around thee bow,
Nor flattering verse conveys the faithless vow;
To graver notes will Sappho's soul attend,
And ere she hear the lover, hear the friend.

Let maids less bless'd employ their meaner arts
To reign proud tyrants o'er unnumber'd hearts;
May Sappho learn, for nobler triumphs born,
Those little conquests of her sex to scorn.
To form thy bosom to each generous deed;
To plant thy mind with every useful seed;
Be these thy arts: nor spare the grateful toil,
Where Nature's hand has bless'd the happy soil.
So shalt thou know, with pleasing skill, to blend
The lovely mistress, and instructive friend:
So shalt thou know, when unrelenting Time
Shall spoil those charms yet opening to their prime,

To ease the loss of Beauty's transient flower,
While reason keeps what rapture gave before.
And oh! while Wit, fair dawning, spreads its ray,
Serenely rising to a glorious day,
To hail the glowing lustre oft be mine,
Thou early favorite of the sacred Nine!

And shall the Muse with blameless boast pretend,
In Youth's gay bloom that Sappho call'd me friend:
That urg'd by me she shunn'd the dangerous way,
Where heedless maids in endless error stray;
That scorning soon her sex's idler art,
Fair Praise inspir'd and Virtue warm'd her heart;
That fond to reach the distant paths of Fame,
I taught her infant genius where to aim?
Thus when the feather'd choir first tempt the sky,
And all unskill'd their feeble pinions try,
Th' experienc'd sire prescribes th' adventurous height,
Guides the young wing, and pleas'd attends the flight.

EPISTLE XVI.

TO

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

BY THE LATE LORD MELCOMBE.

> ----------Quae censet amiculus: ut si
> Caecus iter monstrare velit.------ Hor.

THOUGH strength of genius, by experience taught,
Give thee to sound the depth of human thought,
To trace the various workings of the mind,
And rule the secret springs that rule mankind;
Rare gift! yet, Walpole, wilt thou condescend
To listen, if thy unexperienc'd friend
Can aught of use impart, though void of skill,
And raise attention by sincere good will:
For friendship sometimes want of parts supplies,
The heart may furnish what the head denies.
As, when the rapid Rhine o'er swelling tides,
To grace old Ocean's coast, in triumph rides,
Though rich in scource, he drains a thousand springs,
Nor scorns the tribute each small riv'let brings:
So thou shalt hence absorb each feeble ray,
Each dawn of meaning in thy brighter day;

Shalt like, or, where thou canst not like, excuse,
Since no mean interest shall profane the Muse;
No malice wrapt in truth's disguise offend,
No flattery taint the freedom of a friend.

When first a generous mind surveys the great,
And views the crowds that on their fortune wait,
Pleas'd with the shew (though little understood),
He only seeks the power, to do the good:
Thinks, till he tries, 'tis godlike to dispose,
And gratitude still springs, when bounty flows;
That every grant sincere affection wins,
And where our wants have end, our love begins.
But they who long the paths of state have trod,
Learn from the clamors of the murm'ring crowd,
Which cramm'd, yet craving, still their gates besiege,
'Tis easier far to give, than to oblige.
This of thy conduct seems the nicest part,
The chief perfection of the statesman's art;
To give to fair assent a fairer face,
Or soften a refusal into grace.
But few there are that can be freely kind,
Or know to fix the favors on the mind;
Hence some whene'er they would oblige, offend,
And while they make the fortune lose the friend:
Still give unthank'd; still squander, not bestow;
For great men want not what to give, but how.
The race of men that follow courts, 'tis true,
Think all they get, and more than all, their due;

Still ask, but ne'er consult their own deserts,
And measure by their interest, not their parts.
From this mistake so many men we see
But ill become the thing they wish to be:
Hence discontent and fresh demands arise,
More power, more favor in the great man's eyes:
All feel a want, though none the cause suspect,
But hate their patron for their own defect.
Such none can please, but who reforms their hearts,
And when he gives them places, gives them parts.
As these o'erprize their worth, so sure the great
May sell their favors at too dear a rate.
When merit pines while clamor is preferr'd,
And long attachment waits among the herd;
When no distinction, where distinction 's due,
Marks from the many the superior few:
When strong cabal constrains them to be just,
And makes them give at last, because they must;
What hopes that men of real worth should prize
What neither friendship gives, nor merit buys?
The man who justly o'er the whole presides,
His well weigh'd choice with wise affection guides;
Knows when to stop with grace, and when advance,
Nor gives from importunity, or chance:
But thinks how little gratitude is ow'd,
When favors are extorted, not bestow'd.
When safe on shore ourselves, we see the crowd
Surround the great, importunate and loud:
Through such a tumult 'tis no easy task
To drive the man of real worth to ask;

Surrounded thus, and giddy with the shew,
'Tis hard for great men rightly to bestow;
Hence then so few are skill'd in either case,
To ask with dignity, or give with grace.
Sometimes the great, seduc'd by love of parts,
Consult our genius, but neglect our hearts;
Pleas'd with the glittering sparks that genius flings,
They lift us tow'ring on the eagle's wings;
Mark out the flights by which themselves begun,
And teach our dazzled eyes to bear the sun,
Till we forget the hand that made us great,
And grow to envy, not to emulate.
To emulate a generous warmth, implies
To reach the virtues that make great men rise;
But envy wears a mean malignant face,
And aims not at their virtues, but their place.
Such to oblige, how vain is the pretence!
When every favor is a fresh offence,
By which superior power is still imply'd,
And while it helps the fortune, hurts the pride.
Slight is the hate neglect or hardships breed;
But those who hate from envy, hate indeed.
Since so perplex'd the choice, whom shall we trust?
Methinks, I hear thee cry, the brave, the just;
The man by no mean fears or hopes control'd,
Who serves thee from affection, not for gold!
We love the honest, and esteem the brave,
Despise the coxcomb, but detest the knave.
No shew of parts the truly wise seduce,
To think that knaves can be of real use.

The man who contradicts the public voice,
And strives to dignify a worthless choice,
Attempts a task that on the choice reflects,
And lends us light to point out new defects.
One worthless man that gains what he pretends,
Disgusts a thousand unpretending friends;
And since no art can make a counter pass,
Or add the weight of gold to mimic brass,
When princes to bad ore their image join,
They more debase the stamp than raise the coin.
Be thine that care, true merit to reward,
And gain that good; nor will the task be hard.
Souls found alike so quick by nature blend,
An honest man is more than half thy friend:
Him no mere views, no haste to rise, shall sway,
Thy choice to sully, or thy trust betray.
Ambition here shall at due distance stand,
Nor is wit dangerous in an honest hand;
Besides, if failings at the bottom lie,
He views those failings with a lover's eye.
Though small his genius, let him do his best,
Our wishes and belief supply the rest:
Let others barter servile faith for gold,
His friendship is not to be bought or sold.
Fierce opposition he unmov'd shall face,
Modest in favor, daring in disgrace:
To share thy adverse fate alone pretend,
In power a servant, out of power a friend.
Here pour thy favors in an ample flood,
Indulge thy boundless thirst of doing good.

Nor think that good alone to him confin'd;
Such to oblige is to oblige mankind.
If thus thy mighty master's steps thou trace,
The brave to cherish, and the good to grace,
Long shalt thou stand from rage and faction free,
And teach us long to love the king and thee;
Or fall a victim dangerous to the foe,
And make him tremble when he strikes the blow;
While honor, gratitude, affection join,
To deck thy close, and brighten thy decline.
Illustrious doom! the great when thus displac'd,
With friendship guarded, and with virtue grac'd,
In awful ruin, like Rome's senate, fall
The prey and worship of the wond'ring Gaul.

No doubt to genius some reward is due
(Excluding that were satirising you):
But yet believe thy undesigning friend;
When truth and genius for thy choice contend,
Though both have weight, when in the balance cast,
Let probity be first, and parts be last.

On these foundations if thou dar'st be great,
And check the growth of folly and deceit,
When party rage shall drop through length of days,
And calumny be ripen'd into praise,
Then future times shall to thy worth allow
That fame, which envy would call flattery now.

Thus far my zeal, though for the task unfit,
Has pointed out the rocks where others split:
By that inspir'd, though stranger to the Nine,
And negligent of any fame but thine,
I take that friendly, but superfluous part,
That acts from nature what I teach from art.

EPISTLE XVII.

TO THE

Worthy, Humane, Generous, Reverend, and Noble,

FREDERICK CORNWALLIS,

[Late Archbishop of Canterbury.]

BY SNEYD DAVIES, D. D.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR M DCC LXIII.

In frolick's hour, ere serious thought had birth,
There was a time, my dear Cornwallis, when
Fancy would take me on her airy wing
And waft to views romantic; there display
Some motley vision, shade and sun: the cliff,
O'erhanging sparkling brooks and ruins grey,
Bade me meanders trace, and catch the form
Of varying clouds, and rainbows learn to paint.

Sometimes ambition, brushing by, would twitch
My spirits, and with winning look sublime
Allure to follow. What though steep the track,
Her mountain's top would overpay, when climb'd,
The scaler's toil; her temple there was fine,
And lovely thence the prospects. She could tell

Where laurels grew, whence many a wreath antique;
But more advis'd to shun the barren twig,
(What is immortal verdure without fruit?)
And woo some thriving art: her num'rous mines
Were open to the searcher's skill and pains.

Caught by th' harangue, heart beat, and flutt'ring pulse,
Sounded irregular marches, to be gone——
What, pause a moment when ambition calls!
No, the blood gallops to the distant goal,
And throbs to reach it. Let the lame sit still.
When Fortune gentle, at the hill's verge extreme,
Array'd in decent robe and plain attire,
Smiling approach'd; and what occasion ask'd
Of climbing? She already provident
Had cater'd well, if stomach could digest
Her viands, and a palate not too nice.
Unfit she said, for perilous attempt,
That manly limb requir'd, and sinews tough.

She took, and lay'd me in a vale remote,
Amid the gloomy scene of fir and yew,
On ample ground; where Morpheus strew'd the bed:
Obscurity her curtain round me drew,
And syren Sloth a dull quietus sung.

Sithence no fairy sights, no quick'ning ray,
No stir of pulse, nor objects to entice

Abroad the spirits; but the cloyster'd heart
Sits squat at home, like pagod in a nitch
Demure; or grandees with nod-watching eye,
And folded arms, in presence of the throne,
Turk, or Indostan—Cities, forums, courts,
And prating sanhedrims, and drumming wars,
Affect no more than stories told to bed
Lethargic, which at intervals the sick
Hears and forgets, and wakes to doze again.
Instead of converse and variety,
The same trite round, the same stale silent scene:
Such are thy comforts, blessed Solitude!

But Innocence is there, but Peace all kind,
And simple Quiet with her downy couch,
Meads lowing, tune of birds, and lapse of streams;
And Saunter with a book; and warbling Muse,
In praise of hawthorns.—Life's whole business this!
Is it to bask i' th' sun? if so, a snail
Were happy crawling on a southern wall.

Why sits Content upon a cottage sill
At even-tide; and blesseth the coarse meal
In sooty corner? why sweet slumbers wait
Th' hard pallet? not because from haunt remote,
Sequester'd in a dingle's bushy lap:
'Tis labour makes the peasant's sav'ry fare,
And works out his repose: for ease must ask
The leave of diligence to be enjoy'd.

Oh! listen not to that enchantress Ease
With seeming smile; her palatable cup
By standing grows insipid; and beware
Perdition, for there's poison in the lees.
What health impair'd, and crowds inactive maim'd!
What daily martyrs to her sluggish cause!
Less strict devoir the Russ and Persian claim
Despotic; and, as subjects long inur'd
To servile burden, grow supine and tame:—
So fares it with our sov'reign, and her train.

What tho' with lure fallacious she pretend
From worldly bondage to set free; what gain
Her votaries? What avails from iron chains
Exempt, if rosy fetters bind as fast?

Bestir, and answer your creation's end.
Think we that man with vig'rous pow'r endow'd,
And room to stretch, was destin'd to sit still?
Sluggards are Nature's rebels, slight her laws,
Nor live up to the terms on which they hold
Their vital lease. Laborious terms and hard!
But such the tenure of our earthly state!
Riches and fame are industry's reward;
The nimble runner courses Fortune down,
And then he banquets, for she feeds the bold.

Think what you owe your country, what yourself,
If splendor charm not, yet avoid the scorn
That treads on lowly stations. Think of some

Abroad the spirits; but the cloyster'd heart
Sits squat at home, like pagod in a nitch
Demure; or grandees with nod-watching eye,
And folded arms, in presence of the throne,
Turk, or Indostan—Cities, forums, courts,
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Th' hard pallet? not because from haunt rc.
Sequester'd in a dingle's bushy lap:
'Tis labour makes the peasant's sav'ry fare,
And works out his repose: for ease must as
The leave of diligence to be enjoy'd.

d,

al lakes.

Assiduous booby mounting o'er your head,
And thence with saucy grandeur looking down:
Think of (Reflection's stab!) the pitying friend
With shoulder shrugg'd, and sorry. Think that Time
Has golden minutes, if discreetly seiz'd:
And if some sad example, indolent,
To warn and scare be wanting—think of me.

EPISTLE XVIII.

TO

His Friend and Neighbour

DR. THOMAS TAYLOR.

WRITTEN IN MDCCXLIV.

By the Same.

FRENCH pow'r, and weak allies, and war, and want—
No more of that, my friend; you touch a string
That hurts my ear. All politics apart,
Except a gen'rous wish, a glowing pray'r
For British welfare, commerce, glory, peace.
Give party to the winds: it is a word,
A phantom sound, by which the cunning great
Whistle to their dependents: a decoy,
To gull th' unwary: where the master stands
Encouraging his minions, his train'd birds,
Fed and caress'd, their species to betray.
See, with what hollow blandishment and art
They lead the winged captives to the snare;
Fools! that in open aether might have soar'd,
Free as the air they cut; sipt purest rills;
Din'd with the Thames, or bath'd in crystal lakes.

Heav'n knows, it is not insolence that speaks!
The tribute of respect, to greatness due,
Not the brib'd sycophant more willing pays.

Still, still as much of party be retain'd,
As principle requires, and sense directs;
Else our vain bark, without a rudder, floats,
The scorn and pastime of each veering gale.

This gentle evening let the sun descend
Untroubled; while it paints your ambient hills
With faded lustre, and a sweet farewell:
Here is our seat. That castle opposite,
Proud of its woody crest, adorns the scene.

Dictate, O vers'd in books, and just of taste,
Dictate the pleasing theme of our discourse.
Shall we trace science from her Eastern home
Chaldean? or the banks of Nile? where Thebes,
Nursing her daughter arts, majestic stood,
And pour'd forth knowledge from an hundred gates.
There first the marble learn'd to mimic form;
The pillar'd temple rose: and pyramids,
Whose undecaying grandeur laughs at Time.
Birth-place of letters; where the sun was shewn
His radiant way, and heavens were taught to roll.

There too the Muses tun'd their earliest lyre,
Warbling soft numbers to Serapis' ear;
'Till, chas'd by tyrants, or a milder clime

Inviting, they remov'd with pilgrim harp,
And all their band of melody to Greece.

As when a flock of linnets, if perchance
Deliver'd from the falcon's talon, fly
With trembling wing to covert, and their notes
Renew, tell every bush of their escape,
And trill their merry thanks to Liberty.

The tuneful tribe pleas'd with their new abode,
Polish'd the rude inhabitants; whence tales
Of list'ning woods, and rocks that danc'd to sound,
Hear the full chorus lifting hymns to Jove!
Linus and Orpheus catch the strain; and all
The raptur'd audience utter loud applause!

A song, believe me, was no trifle then:
Weighty the Muse's task, and wide her sway:
Her's was Religion; the resounding Fanes
Echo'd her language; Polity was her's;
And the world bow'd to legislative verse.

As states increas'd, and governments were form'd,
Her aid less useful, she retir'd to grots
And shady bow'rs, content to teach and please.
Under her laurel frequent bards repos'd;
Voluble Pindar troll'd his rapid song,
And Sappho breath'd her spirited complaint.
Hence sprung the tragic rage, the lyric charm,
And Homer's genuine thunder.—Happy Greece!

Bless'd in her offspring! Seat of eloquence,
Of arms and reason; patriot-virtue's seat!
Did the sun thither dart uncommon rays!
Did some presiding genius hover o'er
That animated soil with brooding wings!
The sad reverse might start a gentle tear.
Go, search for Athens; her deserted ports
Enter, a noiseless solitary shore,
Where commerce crouded the Piraean strand.
Trace her dark streets, her wall-embarrass'd shrines;
And pensive wonder, where her glories beam'd.
Where are her orators, her sages, now?—
Shatter'd her mould'ring arcs, her tow'rs in dust,—
But far less ruin'd, than her soul decay'd.
The stone, inscrib'd to Socrates, debas'd
To prop a reeling cot.—Minerva's dome
Possess'd by those, who never kiss'd her shield.
—Upon the mount where old Musaeus sung,
Sits the gruff turban'd captain, and exacts
Harsh tribute!—In the grove, where Plato taught
His polish'd strain sublime, a stupid Turk
Is preaching ignorance and Mahomet.
(Where He, whom only dauntless Philip fear'd,
Shook the astonish'd throng;—here holy Paul
Harangu'd the Pagan multitude, and brought
To staring human wisdom news from heav'n.)

Turn next to Rome:—Is that the clime, the place,
Where, on his laurel'd throne, with tuneful choirs
Of arts surrounded, great Augustus reign'd?

And (greater far) the venerable band
Of elder heroes (fame's eternal theme!)
In splendid huts, and noble poverty,
Brave for their country liv'd, and fought, and died.

Heav'n! what firm Souls! who knew not gold had price,
Nor perfidy, nor baseness knew.—They, they,
The demi-gods of Rome! whose master voice,
Whose awe-commanding eye, more terror struck,
Than rods, and lictors, and Praetorian bands.
Could the pure crimson tide, the noblest blood
In all the world, to such pollution turn:
Like Jordan's river, pouring his clear flood
Into the black Asphaltus' slimy lake?

Patrons of wit, and victors of mankind,
Bards, warriors, worthies, (revolution strange!)!
Are pimps, and fidlers, mountebanks, and monks.
In Tully's hive, rich magazine of sweets!
The lazy drones are buzzing, or asleep.

But we forgive the living for the dead;
Indebted more to Rome than we can pay:
Of a long dearth prophetic, she laid in
A feast for ages.—O thou banquet nice!
Where the soul riots with secure excess.
What heart-felt bliss! what pleasure-winged hours
Transported owe we to her letter'd sons!—
We, by their favor, Tyber's banks enjoy,

Their temples trace, and share their noble games;
Enter the crowded theatre at will;
March to the forum; hear the consul plead;
Are present in the thund'ring Capitol
When Tully speaks. At softer hours, attend
Harmonious Virgil to his Mantuan farm,
Or Baia's shore:—how often drink his strains,
Rural, or epic, sweet!—how often rove
With Horace, bard and moralist benign!
With happy Horace rove, in fragrant paths
Of myrtle bowers, by Tivoli's cascade.

Hail, precious pages! that amuse and teach,
Exalt the genius, and improve the breast.
Ye sage historians, all your stores unfold,
Reach your clear steady mirror;—in that glass
The forms of good and ill are well pourtray'd.

But chiefly thou, supreme Philosophy!
Shed thy blest influence; with thy train appear
Of graces mild: far be the Stoic boast,
The Cynic's snarl, and churlish pedantry.
Bright visitant, if not too high my wish,
Come in the lovely dress you wore, a guest
At Plato's table; or in studious walks,
In green Frescati's academic groves,
The Roman feasting his selected friends.

Tamer of pride! at thy serene rebuke
See crouching insolence, spleen, and revenge

Before thy shining taper disappear.
Tutor of human life! auspicious guide!
Whose faithful clue unravels ev'ry maze:
Whose skill can disengage the tangled thorn,
And smooth the rock to down! whose magic powers
Control each storm, and bid the roar be still.

EPISTLE XIX.

TO

CHARLES PRATT, ESQ.

[Now Earl Camden.]

WRITTEN IN M DCC XLIII.

By the Same.

FROM friendship's cradle up the verdant paths
Of Youth, life's jolly spring; and now sublim'd
To its full manhood and meridian strength,
Her latest stage, (for friendship ever hale
Knows not old age, diseases, and decay,
But burning keeps her sacred fire, 'till death's
Cold hand extinguish)—At this spot, this point,
Here, Pratt, we social meet, and gaze about,
And look back to the scenes our pastime trod
In nature's morning, when the gamesome hours
Had sliding feet, and laugh'd themselves away.
Luxurious season! vital prime! where Thames
Flows by Etona's walls, and cheerful sees
Her sons wide swarming; and where sedgy Cam
Bathes with slow pace his academic grove,

Pierian walks!—O never hope again,
(Impossible! untenable!) to grasp
Those joys again; to feel alike the pulse
Dancing, and fiery spirits boiling high:
Or see the pleasure that with careless wing
Swept on, and flow'ry garlands toss'd around
Disporting! Try to call her back—as well
Bid yesterday return, arrest the flight
Of Time; or, musing by a river's brink,
Say to the wave that huddles swiftly by
For ever, "from thy fountain roll anew."

The merriment, the tale, and heartfelt laugh
That echo'd round the table, idle guests,
Must rise, and serious inmates take their place;
Reflection's daughters sad, and world-born thoughts
Dislodging Fancy's empire—Yet who knows
Exact the balance of our loss and gain?
Who knows how far a rattle may outweigh
The mace or sceptre? But as boys resign
The play-thing, bauble of their infancy,
So fares it with maturer years: they, sage,
Imagination's airy regions quit,
And under Reason's banner take the field;
With Resolution face the cloud or storm,
While all their former rainbows die away.

Some to the palace with regardful step,
And courtly blandishment resort, and there
Advance obsequious; in the sunshine bask

Of princely grace, catch the creating eye,
Parent of honors:—in the senate some
Harangue the full-bench'd auditory, and wield
Their list'ning passions (such the power, the swa
Of Reason's eloquence!)—or at the bar,
Where Cowper, Talbot, Somers, Yorke, before
Pleaded their way to glory's chair supreme,
And worthy fill'd it. Let not these great names
Damp, but incite: nor Murray's praise obscure
The younger merit. Know these lights, ere yet
To noon-day lustre kindled, had their dawn.
Proceed familiar to the gate of Fame,
Nor think the task severe, the prize too high
Of toil and honor, for thy Father's son.

EPISTLE XX.

FROM THE

KING OF PRUSSIA.

TO

MONSIEUR DE VOLTAIRE.

M DCC LVII.

CROYEZ que si j' etois, Voltaire,
Particulier aujourdhui,
Me contentant du necessaire,
Je verrois envoler la Fortune legere,
Et m'en mocquerois comme lui.
Je connois l' ennui des grandeurs,
Le fardeau des devoirs, le jargon des flateurs,
Et tout l' amas des petitesses,
Et leurs genres et leurs especes,
Dont il faut s' occuper dans le sein des honneurs.
Je meprise la vaine glorie,
Quoique Poete et Souverain,
Quand du ciseau fatal retranchant mon destin
Atropos m' aura vu plonge dans la nuit noire,
Que m' importe l' honneur incertain

De vivre apres ma mort au temple de Memoire
Un instant de bonheur vaut mille ans dans l'l
toire.
Nos destins sont ils donc si beaux ?
Le doux Plaisir et la Mollesse,
La vive et naïve Allegresse
Ont toujours fui des grands, la pompe, et les f
ceaux,
Nes pour la liberté leurs troupes enchantresses
Preferent l' amiable paresse
Aux austeres devoirs guides de nos travaux.
Aussi la Fortune volage
N' a jamais causé mes ennuis,
Soit qu' elle m' agaçe, ou qu' elle m' outrage.
Je dormirai toutes les nuits
En lui refusant mon hommage.
Mais notre etat nous fait loi,
Il nous oblige, il nous engage
A mesurer notre courage,
Sur ce qu' exige notre emploi.
Voltaire dans son hermitage,
Dans un païs dont l' heritage
Est son antique bonne foi,
Peut s' addonner en paix a la vertue du sage
Dont Platon nous marque la loi.
Pour moi menacé du naufrage,
Je dois, en affrontant, l' orage,
Penser, vivre, et mourir en Roi.

EPISTLE XXI.

Translated from the preceding.

BY

JOHN GILBERT COOPER, ESQ.

VOLTAIRE, believe me, were I now,
In private life's calm station plac'd,
Let Heav'n for nature's wants allow,
With cold indiff'rence would I view
Changing Fortune's winged haste,
And laugh at her caprice like you.
Th' insipid farce of tedious state,
Imperial duty's real weight,
The faithless courtier's supple bow,
The fickle multitude's caress,
And the great Vulgar's Littleness,
By long experience well I know:
And, though a Prince and Poet born,
Vain blandishments of glory scorn.
For when the ruthless shears of Fate
Have cut my life's precarious thread,
And rank'd me with th' unconscious dead,
What will't avail that I *was* great,
Or that th' uncertain tongue of Fame

In Mem'ry's temple chaunts my name?
One blissful moment whilst we live
Weighs more than ages of renown;
What then do Potentates receive
Of good, peculiarly their own?
Sweet Ease and unaffected Joy,
Domestic Peace, and sportive Pleasure,
The regal throne and palace fly,
And, born for liberty, prefer
Soft silent scenes of lovely leisure,
To, what we Monarchs buy so dear,
The thorny pomp of scepter'd care.
My pain or bliss shall ne'er depend
On fickle Fortune's casual flight,
For, whether she's my foe or friend,
In calm repose I'll pass the night;
And ne'er by watchful homage own
I court her smile, or fear her frown.
But from our stations we derive
Unerring precepts how to live,
And certain deeds each rank calls forth
By which is measur'd human worth.
Voltaire, within his private cell,
In realms where ancient honesty
Is patrimonial property,
And sacred Freedom loves to dwell,
May give up all his peace of mind,
Guided by Plato's deathless page,
In silent solitude resign'd,
To the mild virtues of a Sage;

But I, 'gainst whom wild whirlwinds wage
Fierce war with wreck-denouncing wing,
Must be, to face the tempest's rage,
In thought, in life, in death, a king.

END OF ETHIC EPISTLES.

NOTES

ON THE

ETHIC EPISTLES.

EPISTLE I.

Page 7. *WHAT reason contradicts, or cannot reach.*] It is apprehended that genuine christianity requires not the belief of any such propositions. S. J.

Mr. Jenyns was, latterly, of the contrary opinion, as is evident from his "Disquisitions."

ib. *And censure those, who nearer to the right,*
Think Virtue is but to dispense delight.] These lines mean only, that censoriousness is a vice more odious than unchastity; this always proceeding from malevolence, that sometimes from too much good-nature and compliance. S. J.

EPISTLE II.

Page 9. The Gentleman to whom this Epistle is addressed, was author of "Philemon to Hydaspes." The Epistle itself was first printed in 1735, Mr. Coventry died in 1752.

10. *Had, fair Astraea! been thy* TALBOT'
The Lord Chancellor Talbot, is the person
ferred to.

ib. Nor thou, sweet Bard! who "turn'dst t
art,
"From sound to sense, from fancy to th
POPE.

11. ——————*virtuous Falkland*—] O
cellent person a labored character may be
Clarendon's "History of the Rebellion."

15. ——————*great Ashley, gen'rous sa*
Plan'd in sweet leisure his instructive pa
"Characteristicks;" particularly the "Inq
cerning Virtue," and "The Moralists," o
Ashley Cooper, third Earl of Shaftsbury.

EPISTLE III.

Page 20. Mr. Rolle, the author of thi
was a member of New College, Oxford.

EPISTLE V.

Page 27. The Writer of this Epistle wa
the 5th of November 1715, at Rothbury in N
berland, of which parish his father, a native
land, was at that time curate. Having
structed in the languages at Wigton in Cum
he was sent thence to St. John's College, Ca

After taking the degree of batchelor, he returned to Wigton, and received ordination from the hands of Bishop Fleming. His first preferment was a minor canonry and lectureship in the cathedral of Carlisle, where he lived in obscurity, till the year 1745, when he, and the late Bishop Law, eminently distinguished themselves in opposition to the rebels, during their siege of that city. On some cause however of disgust, he quitted his situation, and coming to London, formed an acquaintance with Warburton, who introduced him to the late Lord Hardwicke, by whom he was presented to Hocksley, in Essex, a living which he afterwards resigned to take the vicarage of Newcastle.—Exclusive of his Poetical pieces, the Doctor was author of a spirited attack on the Characteristicks, an Estimate on the Times, a Dissertation on the Origin of Poetry and Music, and a valuable volume of Sermons. In the latter part of his life he conceived an idea of a code of laws to civilize the Russians, and actually embarked in the undertaking; but unfortunately becoming the dupe of an overheated imagination, and being unable to withstand the ridicule to which it exposed him, in a paroxysm of lunacy, he destroyed himself.

27. *Yes: all, my Lord, usurp fair* HONOR'*s fame,*] In this and the succeeding verses, the various pretensions of mankind to Honor and Fame are enumerated.—The lines themselves are imitated from the following, in the 11th Satire of Boileau:

Oui, l' honneur, Valincour, est chéri dans le monde—
L' Ambitieux le met souvent à tout brûler;
L' Avare, à voir chez le Pactole rouler;
Un faux brave, à vanter sa prouesse frivole.

28. *The truth, my Lord, is clear:* &c.] Tho' they be thus inconstant and contradictory, yet true Honor is a thing fixed and determinate.

Un vrai fourbe, à jamais ne garder sa parole;
Ce Poëte, à noircir d' insipides papiers;
Ce Marquis, à savoir frauder ses créanciers.—
Interrogeons marchands, financiers, gens de guerre,
Courtisans, magistrats: chez eux, si je les croi,
L'intérêt ne peut rien, l' honneur seul fait la loi.

ib. But how explor'd? &c.] If we would form an impartial judgment of what is truly honorable, we must abstract all considerations which regard ourselves.

ib. Yet judge not rashly from a partial view] Not only so, but we must remove ourselves to a proper distance from the object we examine, lest some part should predominate in our eye, and occasion a false judgment of the whole.

29. *Come then, from past examples let us prove.*] Therefore the surest method is, to prove by past examples what commands our love and esteem.

ib. Can greatness give true Honor? can expence?] Expence and grandeur cannot give true Honor: Their most splendid monuments vanish; and even should

they last for ever, could not bestow real glory, if only the records of Pride, Tyranny, and Vice.

30. *In vain, O Studley, thy proud forests spread;*

In vain, &c.] Much less if purchased by oppression and guilt. [Studley in Yorkshire, the seat of the Aislabies, one of whom was deeply concerned in the dark transaction of the year 1720.

ib. Next view the Hero in th' embattled field;—] True Honor is not to be reaped from unjust Conquest: It is not victory, but a just cause, that can engage our esteem.

31. *Not Caesar's self,* &c.]

Du premier de Césars on vante les exploits;
Mais dans quel tribunal, jugé suivant les loix,
Eût-il pu disculper son injuste manie?

ib. Whose voice wak'd Freedom in the savage mine!] GUSTAVUS VASA.

32. *Alas, nor wit, nor science, this can boast,*] Neither is true glory to be obtained by wit or science: They are chimerical: Sometimes attended with folly, or weakness; often stained with vice, and so render their possessors mischievous and infamous.

ib. Oft vice corrupts, what sense and parts refine,]

Je ne puis estimer ces dangereux auteurs
Qui de l'honneur, en vers, infâmes déserteurs,
Trahissant la vertu sur un papier coupable,
Aux yeux de leur lecteurs rendent le vice aimable.—
En vain l'esprit est plein d'une noble vigueur;
Le vers se sent toujours des bassesses de coeur.

BOILEAU, l' Art Poet. Ch. 4.

32. ——— VIRTUE: *That alone can give*, &c.] The foundation of true Honor is Virtue only.

33. *Give* SPENSER'*s clear, and* SHAKSPERE'*s noble flame*;] It is Virtue only that gives the Poet lasting glory: this proved by instances.

ib. To truth and virtue the ascent is sure;] The Philosopher can only hope for true glory from the same source; because Truth is his object, and nothing can be Truth that tends to destroy Virtue and Happiness. Hence appears the madness, infamy, and falsehood of those destructive schemes set on foot by the sect called Free-thinkers.

34. *Gordon's thin shallows*, &c.] Gordon's thin shallows. The Work here characterized is intitled, "The Independent Whig, or a Defence of our ecclesiastical Establishment:" Yet it may be truly affirmed, that there is not one institution of the Church of England, but what is here misrepresented, and ridiculed with the lowest and most despicable scurrility.

ib. Tindal's muddy page.] Alluding to the confusion of ideas, which that dull writer labors under.

ib. Morgan:] His character is thus drawn by an excellent writer—"Who by the peculiar felicity of a "good choice, having learned his morality of our "Tindal, and his philosophy of your [the Jews] Spi-"noza, calls himself, by the courtesy of England, a "Moral Philosopher." WARB. Div. Leg. of Moses dem. Vol. II. Ded. p. 20.

ib. Toland.] A noted advocate for that species of atheism commonly called pantheism.

84. *Hobbes.*] It is confessed he was a man of genius and learning: Yet, through a ridiculous affectation of being regarded as the founder of new systems, he has advanced many things even below confutation.

ib. Mandeville.] The Author of that monstrous heap of contradiction and absurdity, "The Fable of the Bees, or private Vices public Benefits." The reader who is acquainted with the writings of these Gentlemen, will probably observe a kind of climax in this place; ascending from those who have attemped to destroy the several fences of virtue, to the wild boars of the wood that root it up.

ib. Insect opinions, &c.] Falsehood short-lived; Truth eternal.

ib. See how the lustre of the ATHENIAN *sage shines,* &c.] SOCRATES, and NEWTON.

Examples of the two most illustrious philosophers that ever adorned the world; the one excellent in moral, the other in natural knowledge.

85. *Kings, statesmen,* &c.]—must build their fame on Virtue.

ib. But the pale tendrils, nurs'd by flattery's hand,—] Flattery cannot raise folly or vice into true glory.

ib. See martyr-bishops, &c.] The catalogue of these heroes, through the several ages of Christianity, is too large to be inserted in a work of this nature: Those of our own Country were RIDLEY, LATIMER, and the good (though less fortunate) CRANMER.

ib. ———HYDE Earl of Clarendon.

36. *Thus various honors various states adorn.*] Thus it appears that every one has the power of obtaining true honor, by promoting the happiness of mankind in his proper station.

ib. See then heav'n's endless bounty, &c.] And thus the love of fame, though often perverted to bad ends, is naturally conducive to virtue and happiness.

ib. ———*the man who mov'd by Virtue's laws,*
Reveres himself, &c.] True honor characterized and exemplified.

EPISTLE VI.

Page 39. *Plac'd like Hamilcar's son*, &c.] Ibi, fama est, in quiete visum ab eo Juvenem divina specie, qui *se ab Jove* diceret *ducem in Italiam Hannibali missum: proinde sequeretur, neque usquam a se deflecteret oculos.* Pavidum primo, nusquam circumspicientem aut respicientem, sequutum; deinde, cura humani ingenii, quum, quidnam id esset, quod respicere vetitus esset, agitaret animo, temperare oculis nequivisse; tum vidisse, post sese serpentem mira magnitudine cum ingenti arborum ac virgultorum strage ferri, &c.

LIV. xxi, 22.

40. *A dying Damian*, &c.] See January and May in Chaucer and Pope.

41. *And each fair Marchioness*, &c.] Marianne, the Fortunate Country Maid, &c.

42. *Loretto's lady.*] See Dr. Middleton's Letter from Rome (4th edit. 8vo.) p. 155.

EPISTLE VII.

Page 50. *Expatiating alone along the dreary round.*]

Et sola in sicca secum spatiatur arena. VIRG.

52. *How fled her Monarch,*————] Xerxes.

55. *Apollo, though degraded still can bless,*
Rewarded with a Sainthood, and an s.] St. Apollos.

ib. *And Jove himself by Peter's name baptiz'd,*] At St. Peter's an old statue of Jupiter is turned into one of St. Peter.

56. *With Peter's sword and Michael's lance are sent,*
And whate'er stores supply'd the church's armament.]

Addit et Herculeos arcus, hastamque Minervae,
Quicquid habent telorum armamentaria Coeli. JUV.

57. ——*a vile Romish Priest's vile Delegate.*] The Pope's Nuncio.

ib. See Henry in his Father's footsteps tread.] Hen. III.

58. *At Edward's and at Henry's name to fall;*] Edward I. and III. and Henry V.

ib. ——*the assassin King*————] Richard III.

ib. ————*a gaping Gorgon's face.*] Medusa's head in the armory of the Tower.

59. ————*the Royal hall.*] Westminster-hall.

ib. ————*the Reveller profuse*——] Hen. VIII.

59. *Sold by one minister———,*] Cardinal Wolsey.

60. *—the pious Youth too slightly seen ;*] Edw. III.

ib. *————a weak Romish Queen.*] Mary.

ib. *————his beggar'd Daughter—*] Queen of Bohemia.

61. *Poison'd one son, and t'other sent to Spain.*] Prince Henry, and Charles I.

ib. *—the Priest, more Romish still than her ;*] Archbishop Laud.

ib. *——the next Prince, expelled his native land,*] Charles II.

ib. *His Hero son in Freedom's beauteous cause.*] William III.

ib. *————unhappy still! howe'er*
Posterity the gallant action bear.]

Infelix utcumque ferent ea facta minores. VIRG.

62. *To willing Indians deals out equal laws,*
And from his Country's voice affects applause;]

————————Volentes
Per populos dat jura, viramque affectat Olympo. VIRG.

ib. *What time fair Florence on her peaceful shore,*
* * * * * * * *
Has lap'd me trifler in inglorious ease,
Modelling precepts————————]

Illo Virgilium me tempore dulcis alebat
Parthenope, studiis florentem ignobilis oti. VIRG.

EPISTLE VIII.

Page 63. The amiable and accomplished young Nobleman who is addressed in this Epistle, after having given to his Parents and Country the fairest hopes, was cut off at Bologna, the 11th of September, 1744, by the small pox, on the evening of his nineteenth birth-day.

Dr. Dalton, his tutor, the author, was born near Whitehaven in Cumberland, and educated in Queen's College, Oxford. He took his doctor's degree in the year 1750, and at his death in 1763, was prebendary of Worcester and rector of St. Mary at Hill, in London. Besides his poems in these volumes, he obliged the public with a volume of Sermons, and adapted to the theatre the Comus of Milton.

EPISTLE IX.

Page 74. The Lord Hervey who wrote this Epistle, was John, second son to the first Hervey, Earl of Bristol. He distinguished himself by his attachment to Whiggism, and his zealous support of Walpole. He was called up to the House of Lords in 1733, and died in the life-time of his father. Pope, who had even more malignity than wit, lampooned him without mercy, in the character of Sporus. Lord Hervey, however, though inferior to Pope as a poet, was in other respects a far better writer. His political tracts

have rarely been equalled, and he certainly was superior to the Satirist, as a scholar.

This address of his Lordship to his Friend, is a paraphrastic imitation of Horace, B. II. Ode 6.

75. *Permit me, Ickworth, rest, and health at last,*] Ickworth in Suffolk, has long been the residence of the Herveys.

EPISTLE XI.

Page 85. *To Wyndham, strength, and grace, and fire, and weight;*] Sir William Wyndham.

ib. To Granville parts to save a sinking state.] John Earl of Granville.

92. *Before a Lonsdale's head, a Lonsdale's heart.*] The *late* Lord.

102. *Bow, Filmer, bow! to hell's tremendous throne,*] Sir Robert Filmer, author of "Patriarcha, or, the "Natural Power of Kings," and other pieces of the same tendency. He was confuted by Mr. Locke, in his Essay on Government.

ib. And thou, blest Martyr, in fair Freedom's cause,] Algernon Sydney.

EPISTLE XII.

Page 106. *Where hail and snow renew their treasur'd store:*] Job xxxviii. 22.

107. ———*great Charles,*————] Charles V. Emperor of Germany, who in his retirement amused himself with puppets. See STRADA, de bello Belgico.

114. ——————*ere Bernard eat.*] A Frenchman, rendered famous for a most extravagant expence in eating.

ib. ——————*consult with Sloane,*] Sir Hans Sloane.

EPISTLE XIII.

Page 121. ——————*the bounties of Germain.*] Lady Elizabeth Germain.

EPISTLE XVII.

Page 140. The amiable Writer of this Epistle, was educated at Eton, and succeeded to a fellowship of King's. Having taken orders, he was instituted to the rectory of Kingsland in Herefordshire, a living of which he was patron. The friend he here addresses, whilst Bishop of Litchfield, preferred him to the archdeaconry of Derby, and the prebendal stall he held with it. Besides the several compositions which these volumes contain, there are many imitations of Horace by him, interspersed in Mr. Duncombe's edition, though not distinguished by his name.

EPISTLE XVIII.

Page 146. ——————*That castle opposite,*] A castle belonging to the Earl of Oxford.

148. *Go, search for Athens,* &c.] See Wheeler's Travels, p. 346, 7, 380, 300.

ib. Where He, *whom only dauntless Philip fear'd,*] Demosthenes.

EPISTLE XIX.

Page 154. ——*Cowper, Talbot, Somers, York,*——] Respectively High Chancellors of Great Britain.

ib. ————————*Murray*———] The present Earl of Mansfield.

EPISTLE XXI.

Page 157. Mr. Cooper was of Thurgarton in the county of Nottingham, and possessed from his father a considerable fortune. He received his grammatical education at Westminster, and afterwards passed between two and three years at Cambridge, as a fellow-commoner of Trinity. Having married early he retired to his paternal seat, and there died, in 1769, of the stone.

THE END.

Endorsed
12 John Miller
2d Jack Miller

69
– 2
Endorsed 65